



No. 49

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



IND

ACTION COMICS

JUNE

10¢

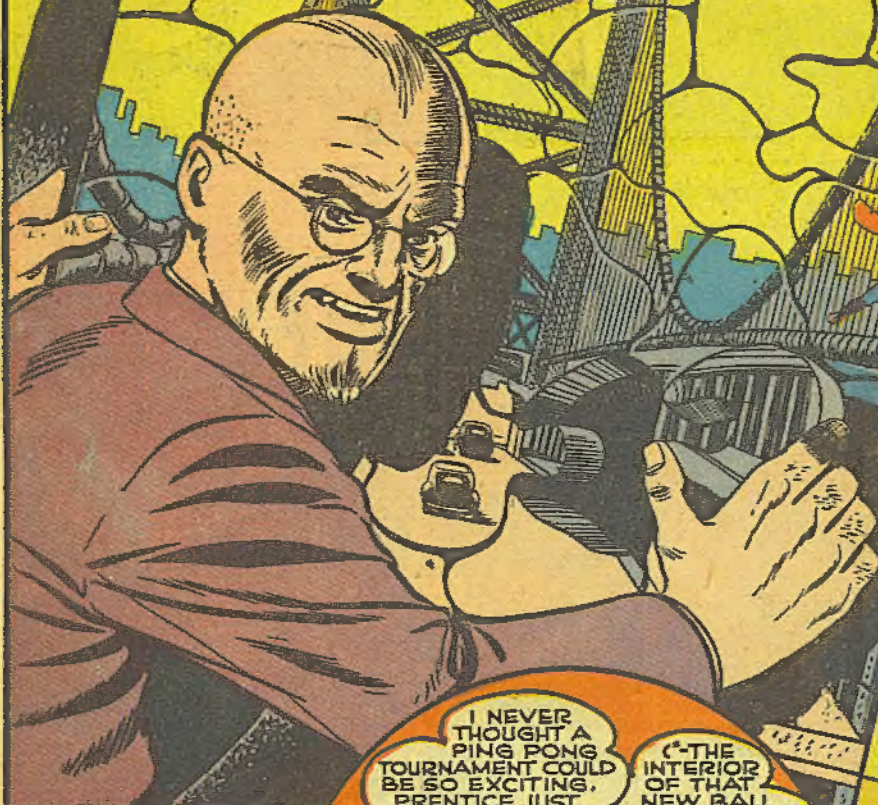
SUPERMAN
ENCOUNTERS HIS NEWEST
AND CLEVEREST OPPONENT
THE PUZZLER
IN
"THE WIZARD OF CHANCE"



SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER



I NEVER
THOUGHT A
PING PONG
TOURNAMENT COULD
BE SO EXCITING.
PRENTICE JUST
SMASHED
HIS BALL!

("THE
INTERIOR
OF THAT
NEW BALL
THEY'RE SUB-
STITUTING...")
I'M GOING FOR
A SODA, LOIS.

PARLOR GAMES,
TRICKS, AND
PUZZLES CAN BE
HARMLESS FUN—
BUT WHEN A
TWISTED INTELL-
ECT UTILIZES
THEIR PRINCIPLES
TO COMMIT CLEVER
CRIMES, THEY CAN
BE DANGEROUS
INDEED. THAT'S
WHY SUPERMAN,
WHO USUALLY LACKS
SEVERE OPPOSITION,
FOUND HIS
HANDS FULL WHEN
HE TACKLED THE
WILY RASCAL
KNOWN AS...
THE PUZZLER!!

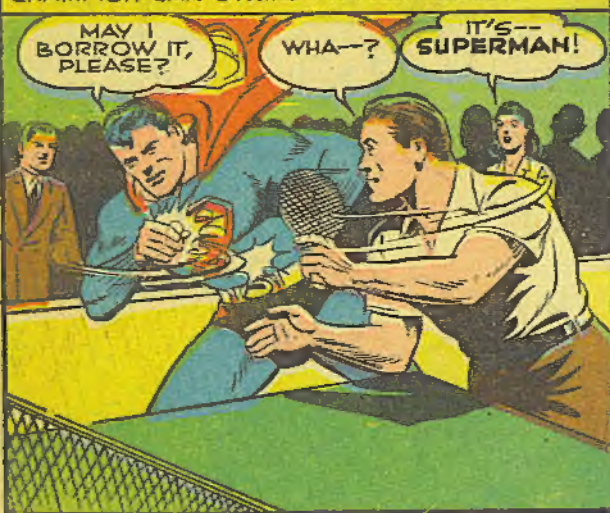


BUT THE MOMENT CLARK
IS ALONE, HE UNDERGOES
A STARTLING TRANSFORM-
ATION...

GOT TO GET BACK
IN A HURRY--OR
THERE'LL BE A
TRAGEDY!



A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE DEFENDING CHAMPION CAN STRIKE THE NEW BALL...



MAY I BORROW IT, PLEASE?

WHA--?

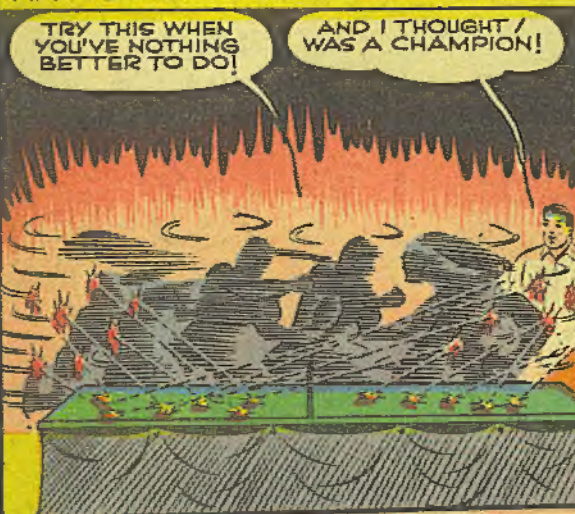
IT'S-- SUPERMAN!



AND NOW-- A PADDLE, AND A NEW BALL.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO THEM, BUT-- WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WHIZZING BACK AND FORTH FROM ONE SIDE OF THE TABLE TO THE OTHER, SUPERMAN PERFORMS AN AMAZING FEAT....



TRY THIS WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO!

AND I THOUGHT I WAS A CHAMPION!



THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, FOLKS!

THIS TOURNAMENT NOW MERITS FRONT-PAGE SPACE!

AS SUPERMAN ARROWS HIGH INTO THE CLOUDS, HE DELIBERATELY CRUSHES THE PURLOINED PING PONG BALL-- A MIGHTY BLAST....



A DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVE WITHIN THE PING PONG BALL!



POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN IS TURNING OUT TO BE MORE OF A NECESSITY THAN A CONVENIENCE!



POOR CLARK! ALWAYS ABSENT WHEN THE EXCITEMENT STARTS. SUPERMAN WAS HERE!

JUST MY LUCK-- TO MISS SEEING HIM!

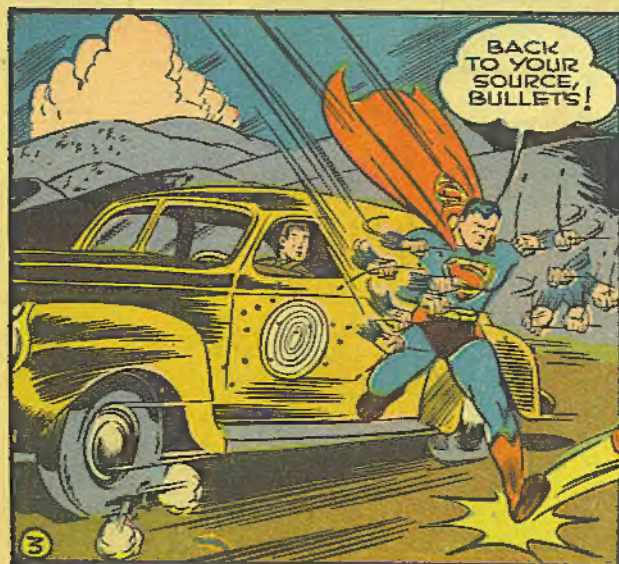
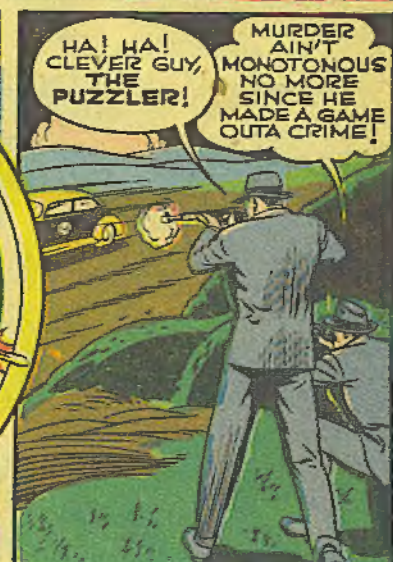
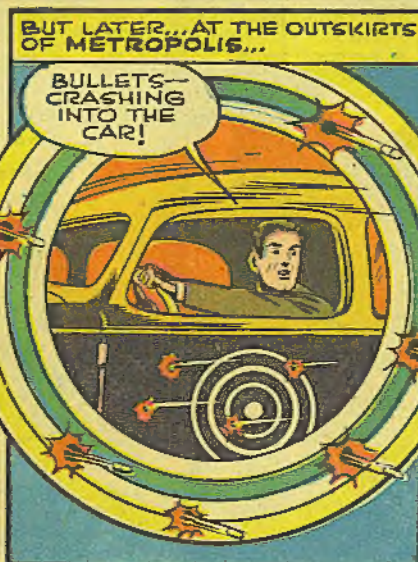


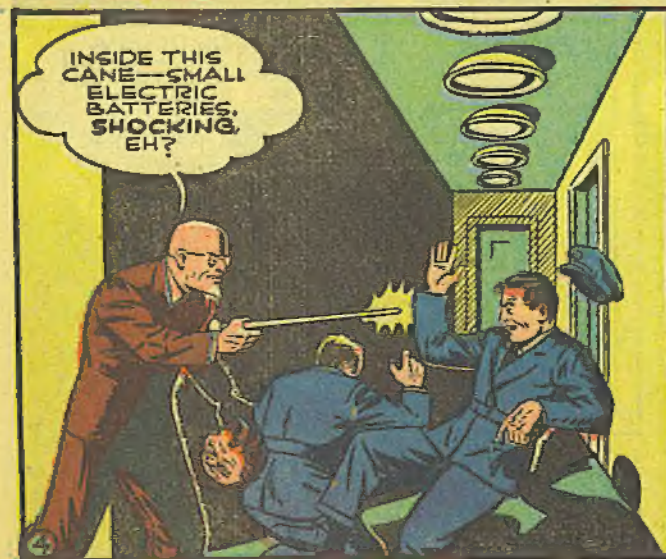
AT THE TOURNAMENT'S CONCLUSION, THE REPORTERS APPROACH THE AFFAIR'S PRESS AGENT.

ANY FURTHER ANGLES YOU CAN SUGGEST FOR OUR ARTICLE?

WELL... FOR ONE THING, CARL PRENTICE RECEIVED A THREAT AGAINST HIS LIFE FROM THE PUZZLER.

THE PUZZLER? WHO'S HE?







SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR CLARK KENT!

I'LL SIGN FOR IT.



THE PUZZLER'S INSIGNIA! OBOY! A NEWS BREAK!



WHEW!

CLARK KENT:
COME ALONE
TO THE AJAX
BUILDING
AND I'LL
GRANT
YOU AN
INTERVIEW.
--THE
PUZZLER



HE'LL BE INTERVIEWED, ALL RIGHT-- BUT BY LOIS LANE!



LATER....

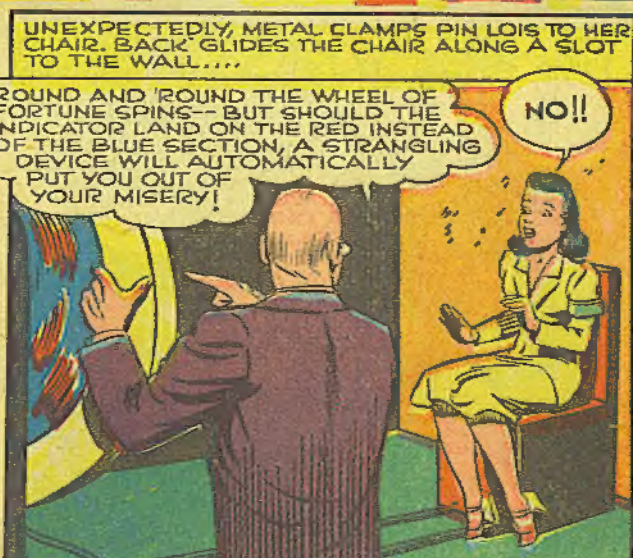
KENT COULDN'T MAKE IT, SO I CAME INSTEAD.

YOU'LL DO!



A GENIUS AT SOLVING PUZZLES, I DECIDED TO UTILIZE THE PRINCIPLES THAT WIN GAMES TO LAUNCH A CRIME CAMPAIGN UNRIVALED IN HISTORY. THAT I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IS A TESTIMONY TO MY BRILLIANCE.

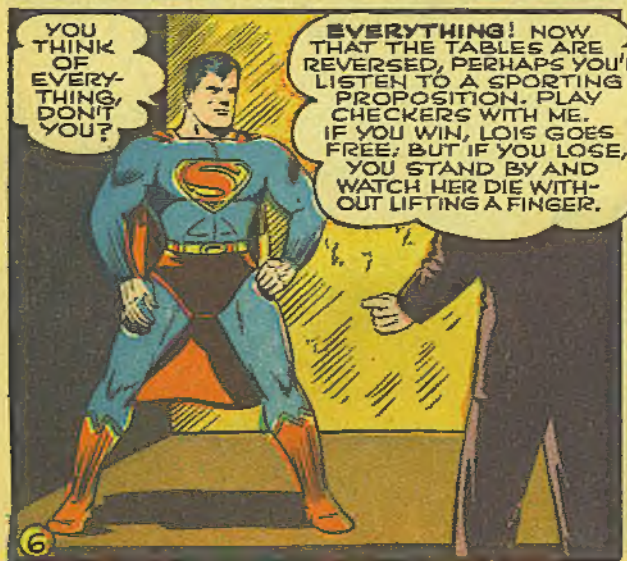
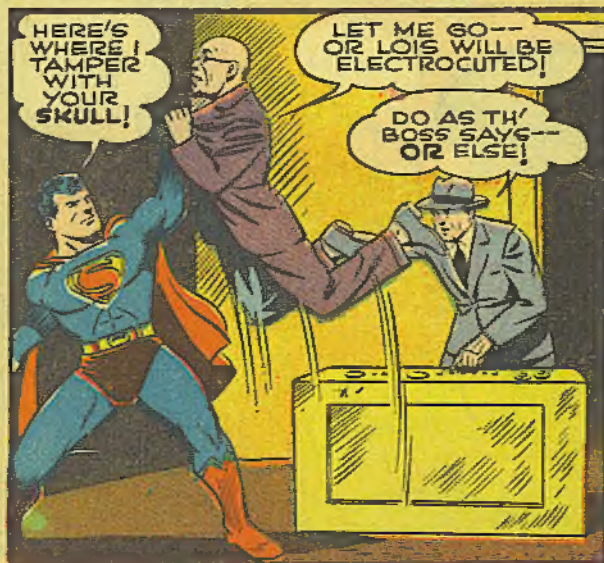
YOU'RE HEADED FOR A DECLINE!



UNEXPECTEDLY, METAL CLAMPS PIN LOIS TO HER CHAIR. BACK GLIDES THE CHAIR ALONG A SLOT TO THE WALL....

ROUND AND 'ROUND THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE SPINS-- BUT SHOULD THE INDICATOR LAND ON THE RED INSTEAD OF THE BLUE SECTION, A STRANGLING DEVICE WILL AUTOMATICALLY PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!

NO!!



AND SO BEGINS ONE OF THE MOST FATEFUL GAMES OF CHECKERS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN....

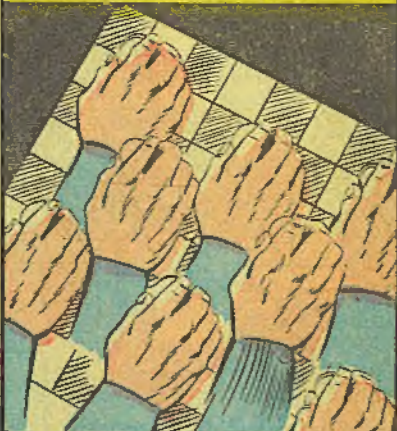
SO--YOU'RE SOMETHING OF AN EXPERT YOURSELF! ("I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, AT THIS RATE, I'LL LOSE!")

FRANKLY, I'VE ONLY PLAYED THE GAME ONCE BEFORE, BUT BEATING YOU SHOULD BE NO TROUBLE AT ALL... FOR ME!

YOUR MOVE NEXT, C'-**SUPERMAN** DOESN'T REALIZE IT, BUT I'VE JUST PALMED ONE OF HIS PIECES, THAT LEAVES HIM VULNERABLE AND HELPLESS TO MY ATTACK!-"

SO IT IS, ("OF ALL THE CLUMSY THIEVES, HERE'S WHERE I FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!")

HIS HANDS MOVING SO SWIFTLY THEY CANNOT BE SEEN, **SUPERMAN** SHIFTS HIS OPPONENT'S PIECES IN AN UNRIVALED FEAT OF SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICKERY...



I WIN!

AND I LOSE! ("HOW'D HE EVER DO IT? AM I SLIPPING?")



THERE YOU ARE... SHE'S FREE!

AGAIN I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!

I WON'T CONSIDER IT SAVED UNTIL I GET YOU FAR AWAY FROM HERE.



SIMPLE-MINDED FOOL... TO THINK I'D LET YOU ESCAPE! PERISH, BOTH OF YOU!!

LOOK OUT!



EASILY, **SUPERMAN** SMASHES THE FALLING WRECKAGE ASIDE, SHIELDING LOIS....

WHAT REALLY PUZZLES ME IS HOW ANYONE COULD BE AS CONSCIENCELESS AS THE PUZZLER!



YOU'RE ALL HEADED FOR A POLICE STATION AND THIS TIME TO STAY!

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, **THE PUZZLER!** GOT AWAY!



AND LATER...

BEWARE OF ANOTHER ATTEMPT BY THE PUZZLER TO FREE HIS MEN!

WE'LL BE ON GUARD!

QUICK! LEAD ME TO A TELEPHONE!

HOURS LATER...

ARE YOU SURE THAT A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER CAME FOR ME?

I PUT IT RIGHT THERE ON THE DESK!

WHERE CAN IT HAVE DISAPPEARED TO?

IT'S FROM THE PUZZLER... TELLS LOIS TO TURN OVER THIS PIECE FROM A JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO HER PAL, SUPERMAN. HM-MM, ON ONE SIDE OF THE PIECE, THE WORD: **WORLD'S**. AND ON THE OTHER SIDE THE MESSAGE: THE FIRST CLUE-- "**CARPER'S COVE**".

I'VE A HUNCH THE PUZZLER IS TIPPING ME OFF TO HIS NEXT CRIME-- TESTING MY WITS, HMM. THAT OBJECT FLOATING BELOW ON THE WATER-- **A BOTTLE!**

BUT AS SUPERMAN GRASPS THE BOTTLE--HE IS SUDDENLY CAUGHT IN THE MIDST OF A DEADLY WHIRLPOOL...

I GET IT-- A TRAP TO DESTROY ME!

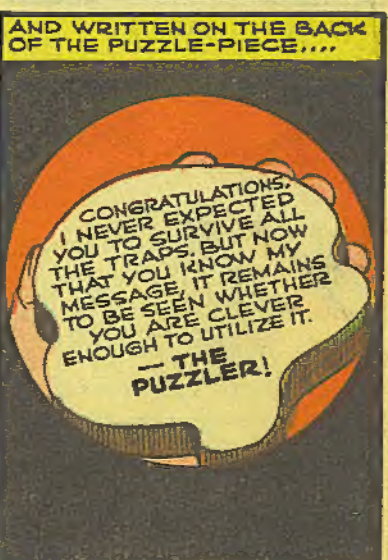
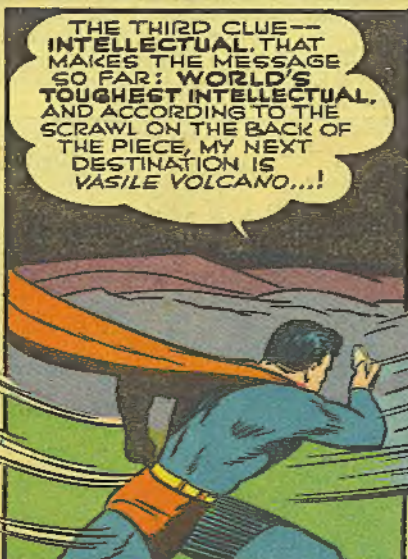
VALIANTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL BATTLES AGAINST THE WHIRLPOOL'S INSIDIOUS STRENGTH-- TO SAFETY...

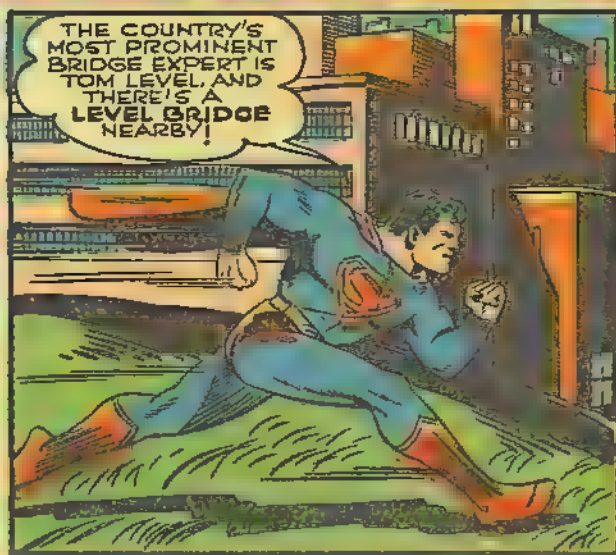
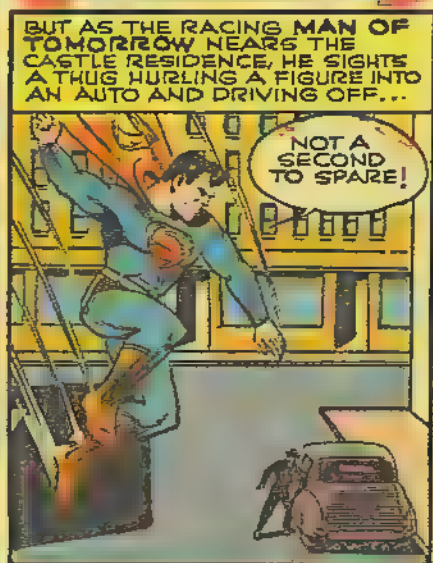
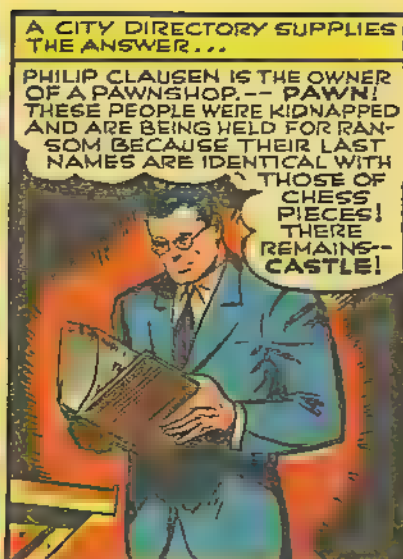
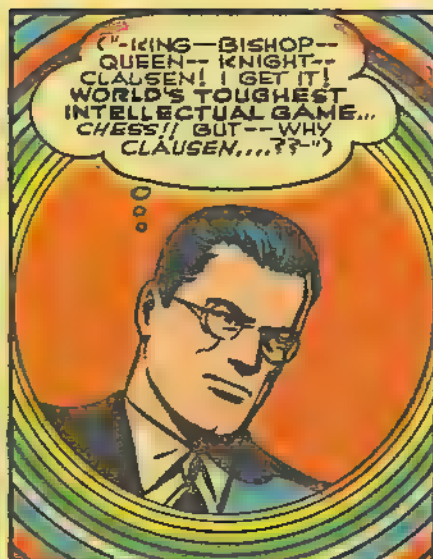
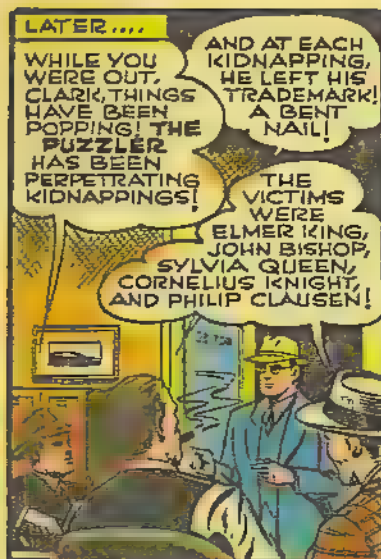
JUST--MADE IT!

SMASHING THE BOTTLE, SUPERMAN EXTRACTS ITS CONTENTS...

A SECOND PUZZLE PIECE, WITH THE WORD: **TOUGHEST** ON ONE SIDE, AND THE MESSAGE: "**SUTTON'S DEAR**" ON THE OTHER! THAT MAKES THE MESSAGE, THUS FAR, **WORLD'S TOUGHEST!**

"**SUTTON'S DEAR**"-- DIRECTLY AHEAD!





IN A SECRET CHAMBER BENEATH THE LEVEL BRIDGE....

WHY DID YOU LEAVE ALL THOSE CLUES FOR SUPERMAN TO FOLLOW?

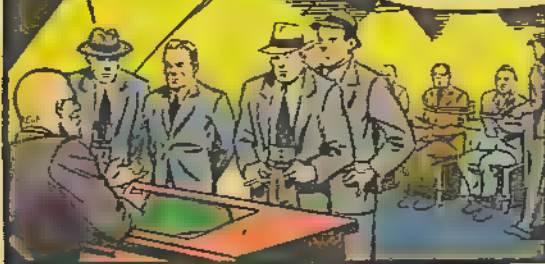
IT TICKLES MY VANITY TO THINK I CAN OUT-SMART SUPERMAN!

YOU'RE TAKIN' A BIG CHANCE, CHIEF! BUT THAT'S ALL OVER--ONE MINUTE A GALLANT SPORTSMAN, AND THE NEXT A DOUBLCROSSER! ("MUST BE SOMETHING TWISTED IN HIS NATURE.")

THAT'S DEFINITE! WE REFUSE TO SIGN RANSOM NOTES!

SHALL WE GET TOUGH WITH 'EM, BOSS?

AS YOU PUT IT SO APTLY--GET TOUGH!



BUT SUPERMAN HAS NOTED THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS HIDEAWAY WITH THE AID OF HIS AMAZING X-RAY VISION...

GETTING TOUGH IS MY SPECIALTY!

YII-II-II!

IT'S THAT SUPER GUY AGAIN!



NEXT--MY FIST IN YOUR FACE!

NO, YOU DON'T! NOT WHILE I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE!



PLEASE NOTE THAT THE TUBE ABOVE MISS LANE IS FILLED WITH A DEADLY GAS. ABOUT THE LADY IN DISTRESS ARE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS. IF YOU CROSS THE BEAMS, SHE'LL MEET WITH A PAINFUL DEMISE.

STILL ANTICIPATING YOUR OPPONENT'S MOVES, EH?



LOSING THAT GAME OF CHECKERS WAS A SEVERE SHOCK TO MY EGO. I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER PROPOSITION, AND THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY WORD. IF YOU CAN BEAT ME AT CARDS, THE LANE GIRL GOES FREE!

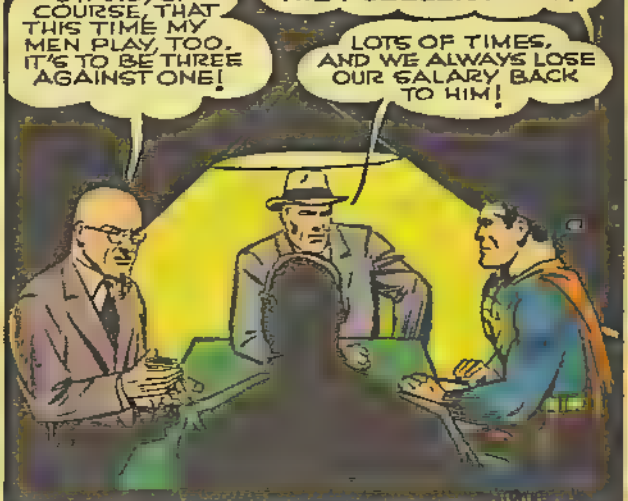
LET'S MAKE THE STAKES REALLY HIGH. TOSS IN YOUR OTHER PRISONERS, TOO, AND IT'S A DEAL!

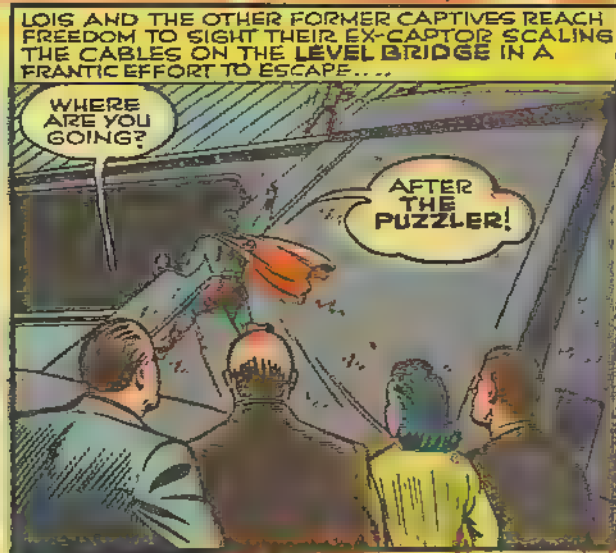
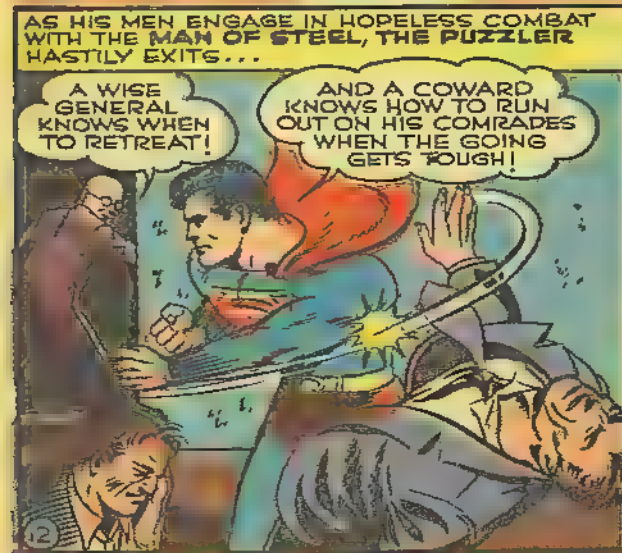
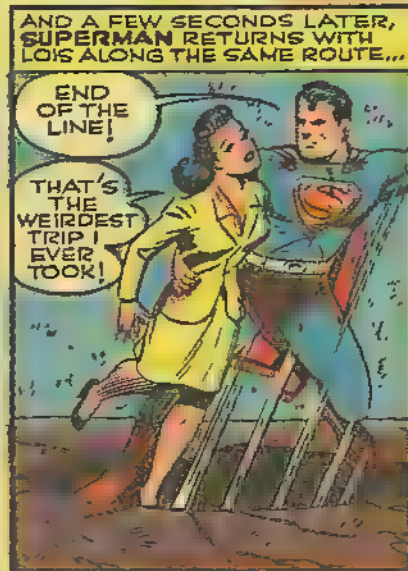
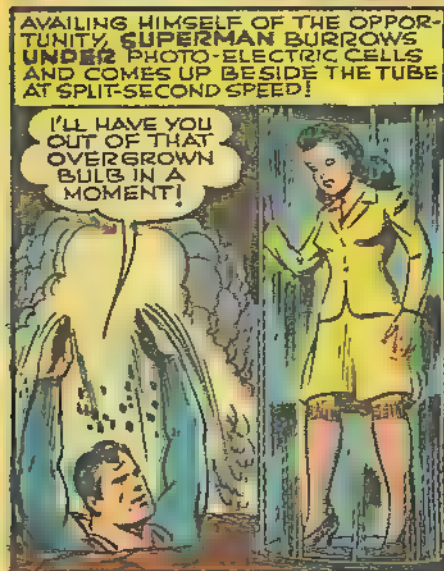
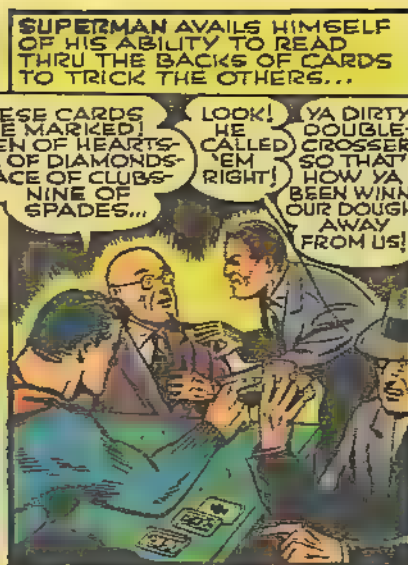


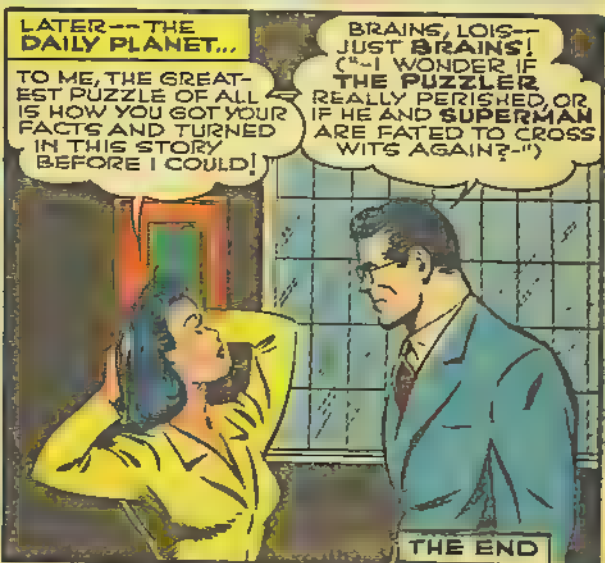
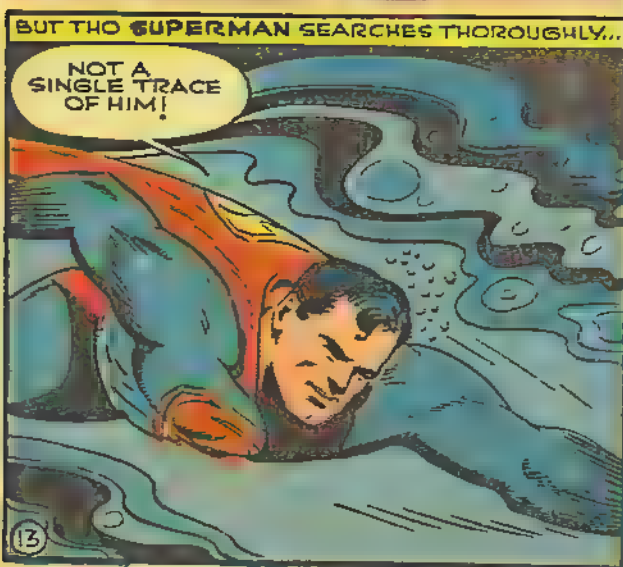
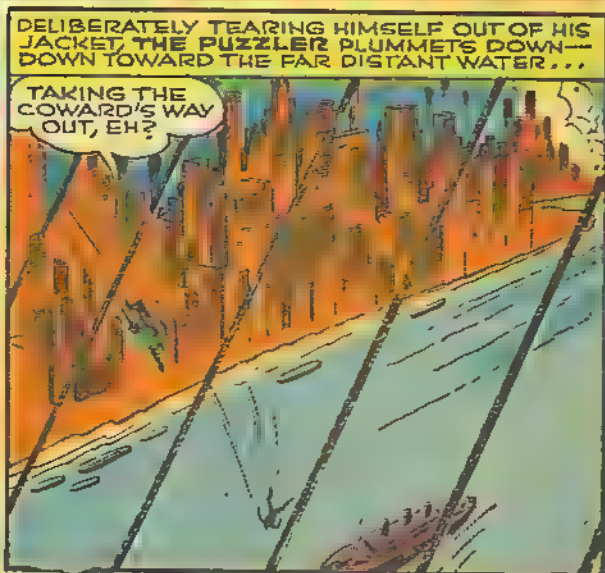
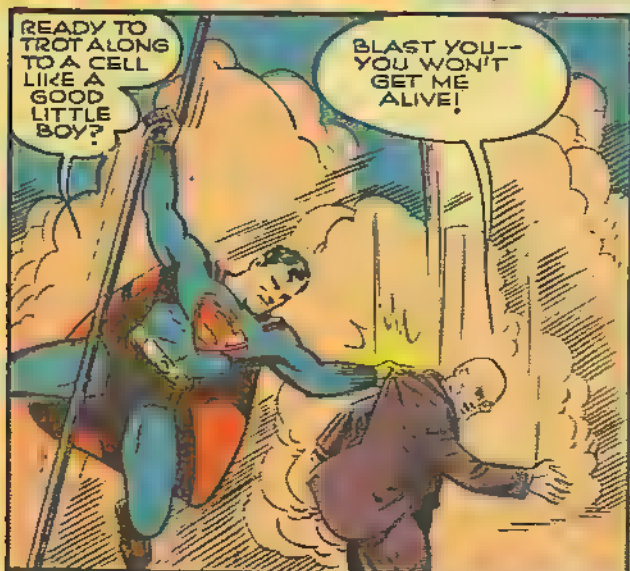
YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, THAT THIS TIME MY MEN PLAY, TOO. IT'S TO BE THREE AGAINST ONE!

PLAY CARDS WITH THE PUZZLER MUCH?

LOTS OF TIMES, AND WE ALWAYS LOSE OUR SALARY BACK TO HIM!









SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

HELLO again, Members! This time I want to talk to you about a great American hero, Capt. Colin Kelly, Jr., whose gallant story appears in pictures on the opposite page.

You have all read about Capt. Kelly's daring and successful attack on the Japanese battleship *Haruna*, a great victory which cost him his life. When his big bombing plane was attacked and set afire by Jap fighter craft, Capt. Kelly ordered his crew to bail out. He might have saved his own life also by taking to his parachute, but he chose to stay with his plane like a true Captain.

Colin Kelly, Jr., was born at Monticello, Florida, July 11, 1915. He attended high school at Madison, Florida, and was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was graduated in June, 1937, and commissioned 2nd lieutenant of infantry. Classmates and instructors recall that Kelly was interested in scientific aerial bombardment from the time he was a "plebe" at West Point.

His disposition was a happy

one. He was quick to laugh. But one subject which he treated completely without humor was aviation. He took his flying with deadly seriousness. In 1938 and 1939 Kelly attended first Primary and then Advanced schools of the Army Air Corps, specializing in bombardment.

By September 9, 1940, he had advanced to the rank of Captain. He served with the 32nd and 42nd Bombardment Squadrons, and was transferred to Hickam Field, Hawaii March 28, 1941.

CAPTAIN Kelly's keen analysis of military values led him to predict that a bomber could pierce a battleship's vulnerability, a statement that he later confirmed at the cost of his own life.

The world has thrilled to Kelly's brave feat and has justly acclaimed him the Number 1 hero of World War II. And, in tribute to his great courage, President Roosevelt has written a letter into the future—a letter to the now unknown man who will be President of the United States in 1957, urging him

to consider Captain Colin Kelly, Jr.'s son for appointment to the United States Military Academy at that time.

But, without wishing to detract from Captain Kelly's great heroic deed, it must be said that there are thousands of other American youths in our armed forces who would be just as willing to sacrifice their lives for their country. For America's freedom has been built upon many such instances of self-sacrifice. The men who died at Lexington and Concord . . . the soldiers who perished at Bunker Hill . . . Bull Run . . . the American Expeditionary Forces who were killed in action in the Argonne . . . they have not died in vain.

And Colin Kelly has not died in vain! His spirit lives on in every American youth. It is that unconquerable spirit, that inherent love for Freedom, that will make us never forget to "Remember Pearl Harbor"!

Sincerely,

Clark Kent

SUPERMAN'S SECRET
MESSAGE WILL BE
FOUND ON THE BOOK
REVIEW PAGE ELSE-
WHERE IN THIS ISSUE

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

JUNE

Dear Superman:

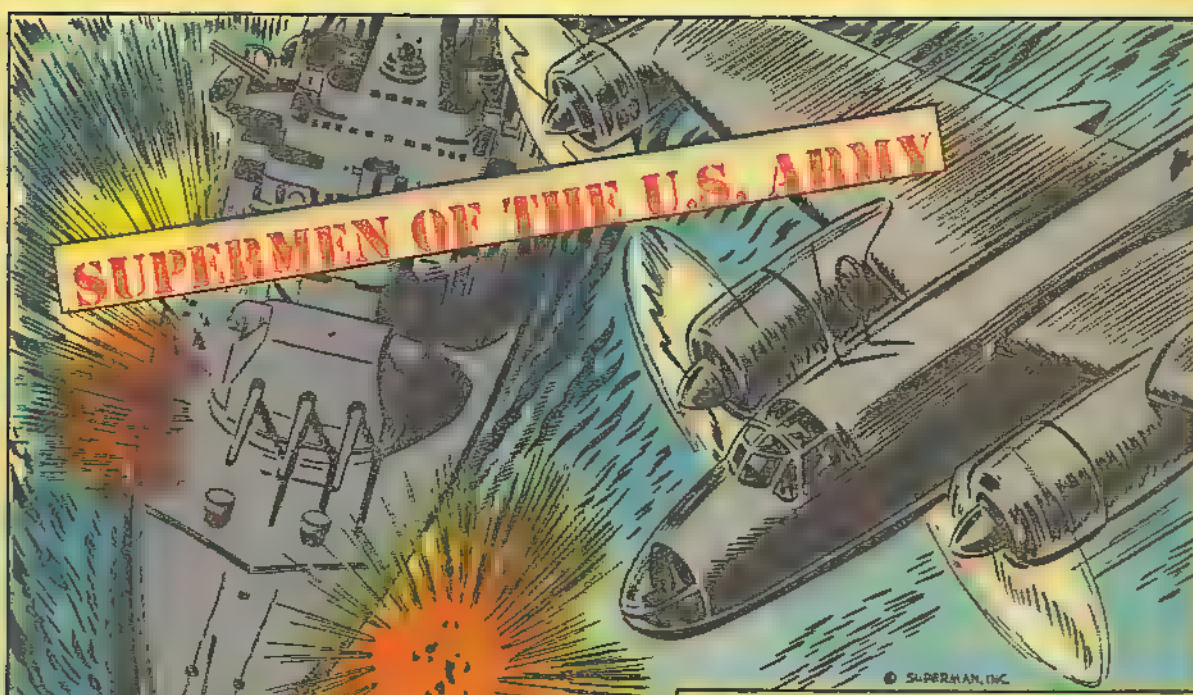
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 19c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

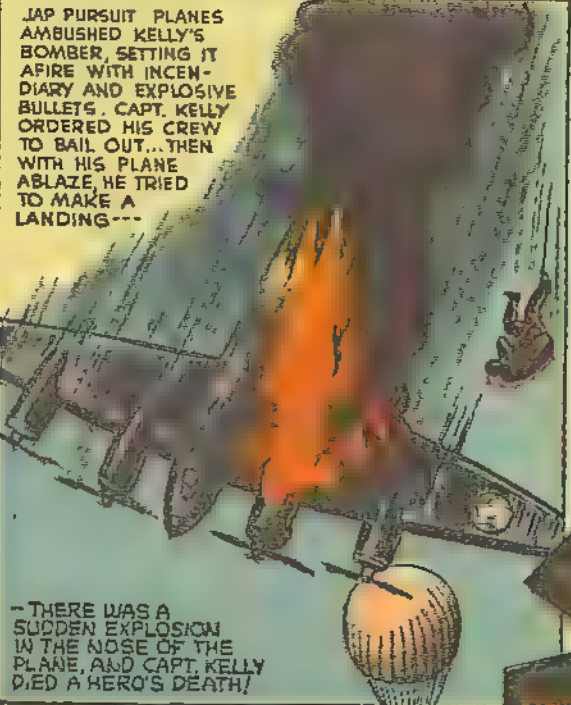
SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY



© SUPERMAN, INC.

THE 26 YEAR OLD KELLY BECAME THE FIRST AMERICAN HERO OF WORLD WAR II WHEN HE SANK THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HARUNA-

OFF THE NORTH COAST OF LUZON, CAPT. KELLY SIGHTED THE HARUNA-- ORDERING HIS BOMBARDIER TO GET SET, HE TOOK HIS PLANE DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE BATTLESHIP--THREE BOMBS WERE DROPPED, ONE OF WHICH WAS A DIRECT HIT, SINKING THE ENEMY VESSEL--



JAP PURSUIT PLANES AMBUSHED KELLY'S BOMBER, SETTING IT AFIRE WITH INCENDIARY AND EXPLOSIVE BULLETS. CAPT. KELLY ORDERED HIS CREW TO BAIL OUT... THEN WITH HIS PLANE ABLAZE, HE TRIED TO MAKE A LANDING---

--THERE WAS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION IN THE NOSE OF THE PLANE, AND CAPT. KELLY DIED A HERO'S DEATH!

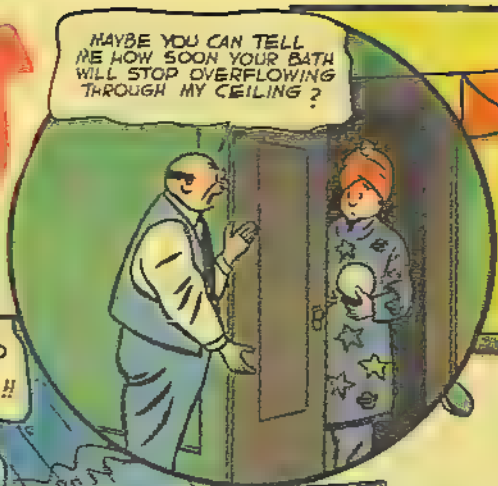


CAPT. COLIN P. **KELLY JR.**

GAGS

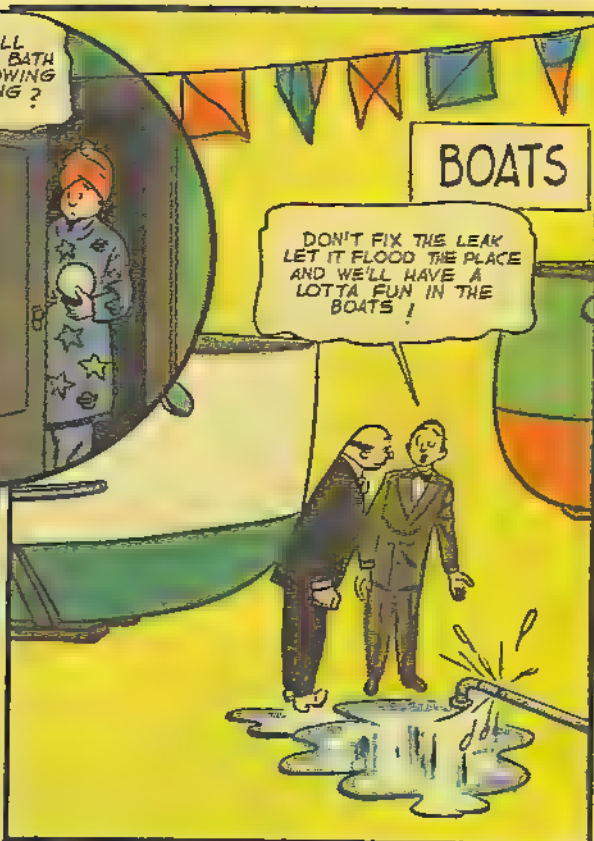
KEVIN
COUTAUFF

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL
ME HOW SOON YOUR BATH
WILL STOP OVERFLOWING
THROUGH MY CEILING?

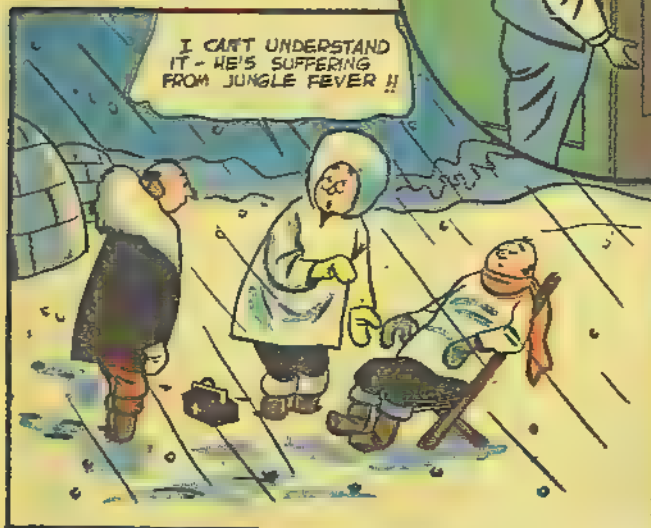


BOATS

DON'T FIX THE LEAK
LET IT FLOOD THE PLACE
AND WE'LL HAVE A
LOT OF FUN IN THE
BOATS!

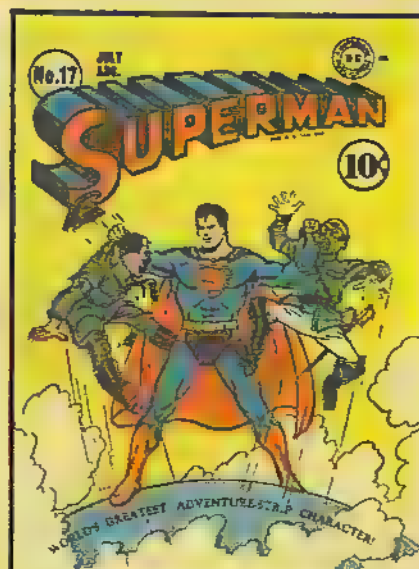


I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT - HE'S SUFFERING
FROM JUNGLE FEVER!!



4 BIG SUPERMAN STORIES

IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE
WORLD'S
LARGEST-SELLING
BI-MONTHLY
COMIC MAGAZINE!



MILLIONS OF SUPERMAN
FANS NEVER MISS A SINGLE
ISSUE -- WHY SHOULD YOU?

ON SALE
MAY 6TH

BY
MORT
MORTON

ONCE AGAIN
CRIMES REBEL ARTIST,
THE RAINBOW MAN,
CAMOUFLAGES HIS CRIMES
IN COLOR WITH THE VIVID
HUES OF THE SPECTRUM!
BRILLIANT YELLOW, LURID
SCARLET AND SINISTER
BLACK FORM A PALETTE
OF PLUNDER FOR THIS PIRATE
PAINTER AS HE EXECUTES THE
MOST COLORFUL COUPS
OF HIS CAREER...
BUT BEFORE THE RAINBOW
COMES THE STORM...IN THE
PERSONS OF THE VIGILANTE
AND STUFF... AS THEY
STALK...

THE RAINBOW MAN.



IRONIC INDEED IS THE OCCUPATION OF CRIMES COLOR ARTIST AS HE SERVES OUT HIS SENTENCE IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY BY PAINTING...



HOW DID THE WARDEN LIKE THE PICTURE I PAINTED FOR HIM, MORGAN?

SWELL, RAINBOW MAN! HE EVEN GAVE HIS OKAY FOR YOU TO PAINT A MURAL IN THE HOSPITAL YOU CAN START AS SOON AS YOU FINISH PAINTING THESE SEARCH-LIGHTS!



LATER THAT DAY, THE COLOR KING'S HENCHMEN GET TOGETHER

YEAH! HOW'S THE BOSS' PLAN WORKIN' OUT?

EXCEEDINGLY WELL, BRETHREN. WE ARE TO PUT INTO EXECUTION THE STRATEGY PREVIOUSLY FORMULATED! IN OTHER WORDS... GET GOIN'!

WHAT'S THE WORD, DICTIONARY?

A SHORT TIME LATER!

WHY, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD...

HERE'S A TASTE OF SOMETHING FOR YA... UGH!

WELL, OF ALL THE... YOU MUST BE GOING STIR CRAZY!

TAKE THIS, YA DIRTY RAT!

SWISH...

WHACK

FINALLY... DICTIONARY CARRIES OUT HIS PART OF THE PLAN...

IT GRIEVES ME TO DO THIS BUT... OOPS... MISSED!

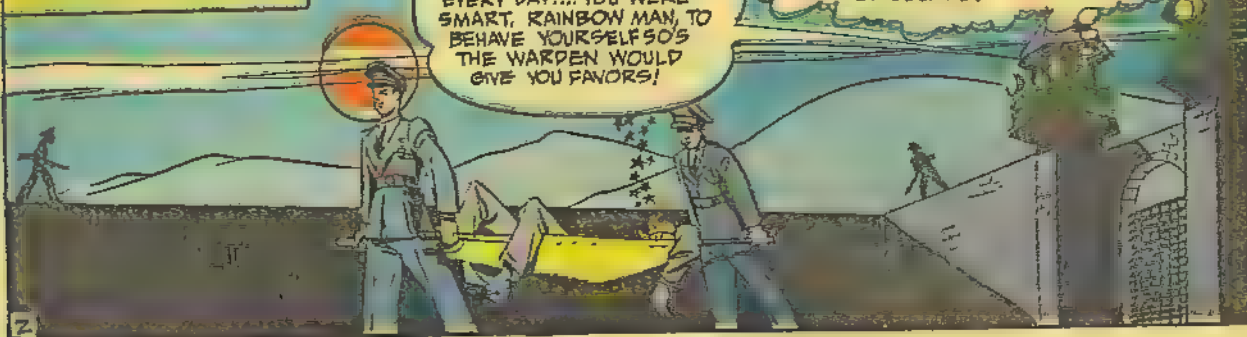
WHAP!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY WHAT YOUR PALS TRIED, DICTIONARY! NOW YOU CAN KEEP 'EM COMPANY IN THE HOSPITAL... WHERE MY PALS SENT 'EM!

AS DICTIONARY IS CARTED TO THE HOSPITAL...

THOSE CHUMS OF YOURS ARE GETTIN' DUMBER EVERY DAY!... YOU WERE SMART, RAINBOW MAN, TO BEHAVE YOURSELF SO THE WARDEN WOULD GIVE YOU FAVORS!

JUST HOW SMART I AM, THE WARDEN SHALL KNOW TONIGHT WHEN I PAINT THE MURAL IN THE HOSPITAL... A MURAL OF ESCAPE!



1 THAT NIGHT, UNDER GUARD, THE RAINBOW MAN BEGINS HIS MURAL IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL...

1

YOUR PAIS WERENT SO SMART, WERE THEY?...WHILE THEYRE LYIN' IN THERE WITH THEIR HEADS ACHIN, YOU'RE ALLOWED TO PAINT!



2 NO...THEY WERENT SMART AT ALL... AND...



3 ...NEITHER ARE YOU!



4 WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?

PAINT IS GOING ON...YOU!



GLUP!



ARISE, CHUNG!...THE RAINBOW MAN HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

QUIET



MY EYES!...THIS PAINT IS BLINDING ME!

HURRY! COVER YOURSELVES WITH THIS BLACK PAINT! YOU'LL BE AS INVISIBLE AS THE NIGHT ITSELF!

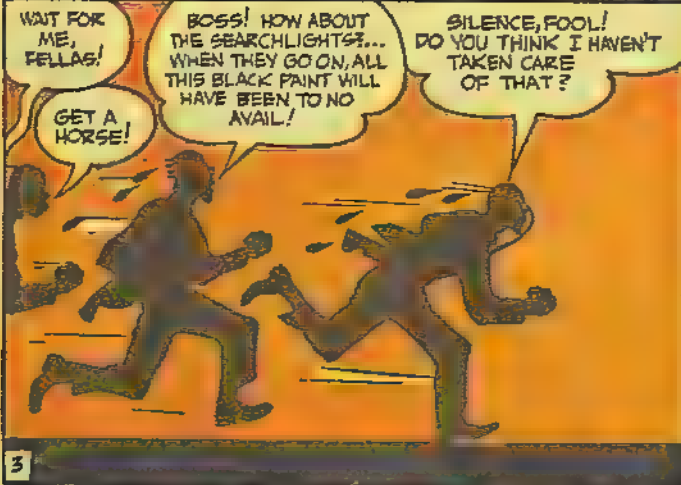


WAIT FOR ME, FELLAS!

GET A HORSE!

BOSS! HOW ABOUT THE SEARCHLIGHTS?... WHEN THEY GO ON, ALL THIS BLACK PAINT WILL HAVE BEEN TO NO AVAIL!

SILENCE, FOOL! DO YOU THINK I HAVEN'T TAKEN CARE OF THAT?



AT THAT MOMENT, THE SHRILL BLAST OF THE PRISON SIREN IS SOUNDED...



THE RAINBOW MAN'S GANG IS MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! GET THE SEARCHLIGHTS TURNED ON!

THEY ARE ON... BUT NO LIGHTS COMIN' OUT OF THE LENS!



BOSS, YOU EFFECTED OUR
LIBERATION WITH CHARACTERISTIC
FORSAUGHT! WE ARE SAFELY
AWAY FROM THE WALLS
OF THE PENAL
INSTITUTION!

EXACTLY,
D'CTIONARY!
JUST AS I HAD PLANNED!
DOUBTLESS, THE GUARDS
HAVE LEARNED THAT THE
SEARCHLIGHTS DIDN'T
SHINE BECAUSE THE
LENSES WERE COVERED
WITH BLACK PAINT! BUT
THEIR WISDOM COMES
TOO LATE! YES...THE
COLOR BLACK HAS
SERVED US
WELL!

AND THERE ARE MORE
COLORS I SHALL SELECT TO
WREAK VENGEANCE ON THE
VIGILANTE! IN FACT,
OUR FIRST ACT WILL
BE TO LURE HIM TO US!
THEN I SHALL TOY WITH
HIM, LIKE A CAT WITH A
MOUSE, BEFORE I
END HIS LIFE!

THE NEXT DAY,
SCREAMING HEAD-
LINES HERALD
THE STARTLING
NEWS...

WUXTRY!
RAINBOW MAN ESCAPES!
COLOR KING USES
PAINT TO FREE
HIMSELF AND
GANG!

AND IN A HOUSE ON MOTT
STREET, YOUNG STUFF
THE CHINATOWN KID,
IS MOST EXCITED
OF ALL...!

HOLY TEMPLE BLOCKS!
I'D BETTER CALL THE
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR
AND SEE IF THE
VIGILANTE IS
GOING TO WORK
ON THIS!

...YES, STUFF! THAT'S RIGHT.
THE VG JUST TOLD ME TO
ASK YOU TO MEET HIM AT
THE RAILROAD TERMINAL,
TRACK 29!

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE
RAINBOW MAN WANTS TO
SMOKE THE VIGILANTE
OUT INTO THE OPEN,
BUT I WONDER WHY
HE WAS SO
DRAMATIC
WITH THIS
NOTE?

AND ONCE AGAIN, THE
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR
SWITCHES INTO HIS
OTHER IDENTITY—
THE LARIAT-SWINGING
WESTERN WARRIOR—
THE
VIGILANTE!

I MAY BE OFF ON
A FALSE TRAIL, BUT
I'VE GOT A HUNCH
THAT RAINBOW MAN
VARMINT MEANS
BUSINESS AT
THE TERMINAL.
STUFF MAY BE
ABLE TO HELP
ME!

To Greg Sanders...
Tell the vigilante
that this is his
next lesson in
art.
I shall place
BROWN, BLUE
and get GREEN
with the aid
of a little RED.
Let him stop me if he
sent YELLOW!
The Rainbow
Man!

THE RAILROAD TERMINAL...TRACK 29-

THE CHATTANOOGA LIMITED SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND NOW!

MAN, I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THESE BAGS OF GREEN AND COMPANY'S BONDS SAFELY ON THAT TRAIN. THERE'S A FORTUNE HERE!



WHILE A SCORE OF YARDS AWAY...

...SO THAT HOW I HAVE IT FIGURED, STUFF! THE NOTE SAID, "BROWN OVER BLUE" ...BLUE FOR THE POLICE... "TO GET THE GREEN" MEANS GREEN AND COMPANY'S BONDS AND AS FOR THE "RED" THAT BAGGAGE CART IS RED...

BUT HOW ABOUT "BROWN OVER BLUE?" WHERE DOES THE BROWN COME IN?



IT'S COMING RIGHT NOW! LOOK! THOSE GUARDS ARE WEARING BROWN UNIFORMS!

WOW! NOW I BEGIN TO GET IT! - LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



AS YOU MAY NOTE BY PERUSING THE CONTENTS OF THIS DOCUMENT, WE, AS OFFICIAL GUARDS, ARE RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR DUTIES!

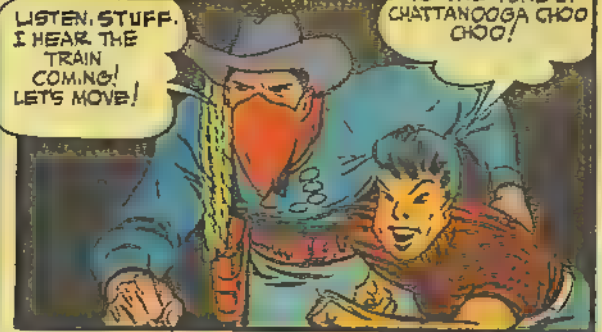
HUH? OH, YEAH! SURE. TAKE OVER. IT'S OKAY WITH US!



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER... WHEN THE POLICE DETAIL HAS GONE...

LISTEN, STUFF. I HEAR THE TRAIN COMING! LET'S MOVE!

RIGHT, VIG! LET'S SWING DOWN TO THE TUNE OF CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO!



AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, LOOK WHO GRACES OVER PRESENCE!

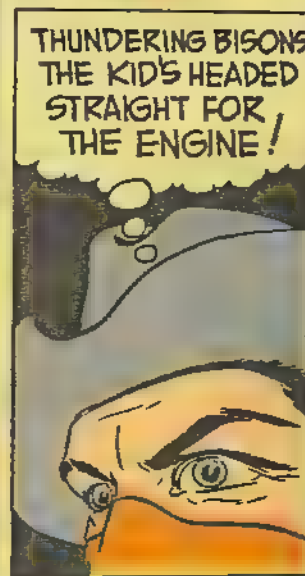
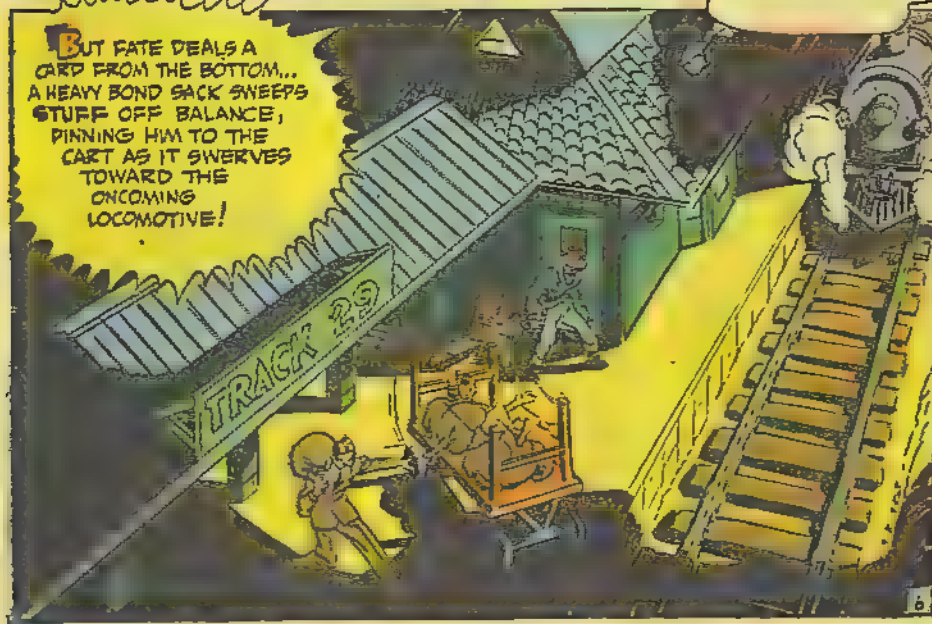
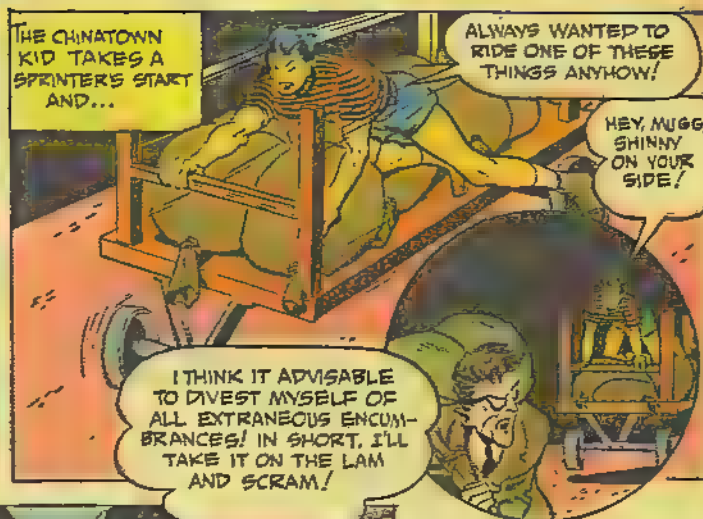
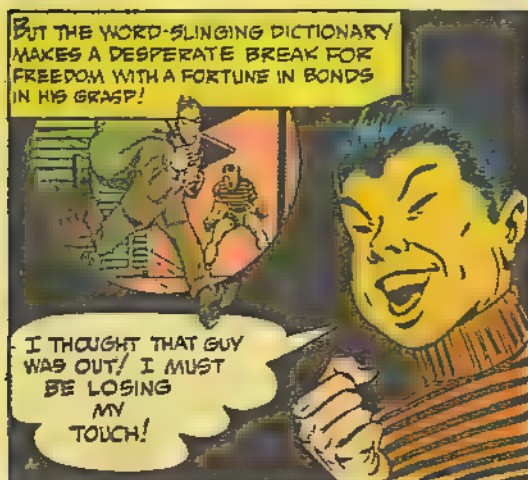
YEAH? WELL, I'VE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOUR GRACE!



SO YOU FEEL LIKE DELIVERING THE MAIL? WELL HERE'S ONE MARKED SPECIAL DELIVERY!

YES, SIR! TRACK 29 - WHERE I CAN GIVE YOU A SHINE!

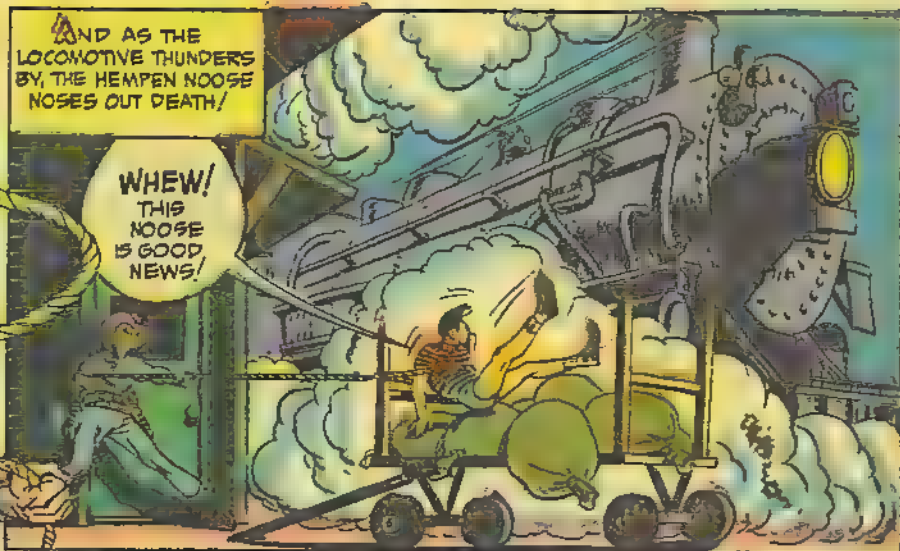




BUT... A SPLIT SECOND LATER- THE LIGHTNING LEAP OF THE LAWMAN'S LARIAT!

AND AS THE LOCOMOTIVE THUNDERS BY, THE HEMPEN NOOSE NOSES OUT DEATH!

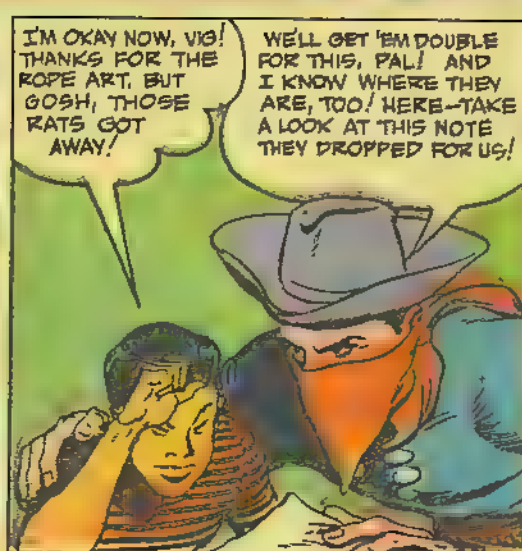
WHEW!
THIS NOOSE IS GOOD NEWS!



STUFF! STUFF!
ARE YOU OKAY, KID?

I'M OKAY NOW, VIG!
THANKS FOR THE ROPE ART, BUT GOSH, THOSE RATS GOT AWAY!

WE'LL GET 'EM DOUBLE FOR THIS, PAL! AND I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, TOO! HERE-TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NOTE THEY DROPPED FOR US!



To the Vigilante-
I shall be pleased to give you your next lesson in your art education if you will call at my studio where all colors are blended...
THE
RAINBOW MAN

MAYBE I'M COLOR-BLIND, BUT I DON'T GET IT!

WHEN YOU BLEND ALL COLORS, YOU GET WHITE! SO I FIGURE THEY'RE HOLDING UP AT THE WHITE BUILDING! LET'S GET GOIN'!

AT THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE KING OF COLOR!

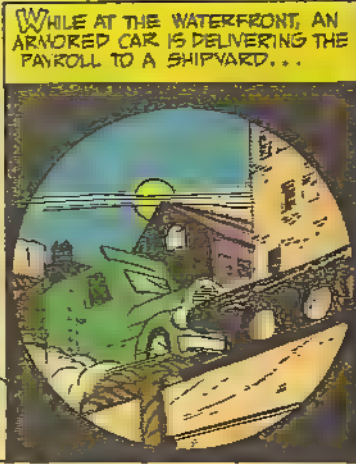
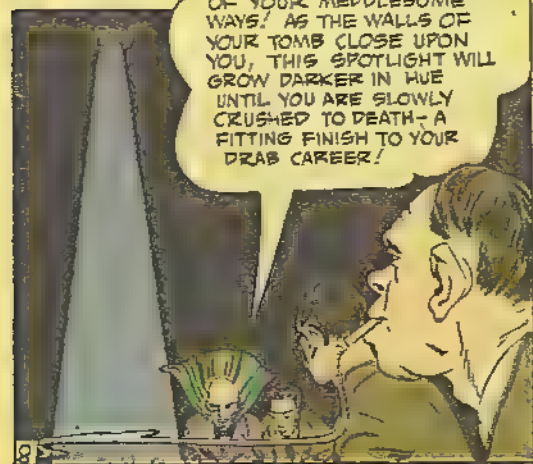
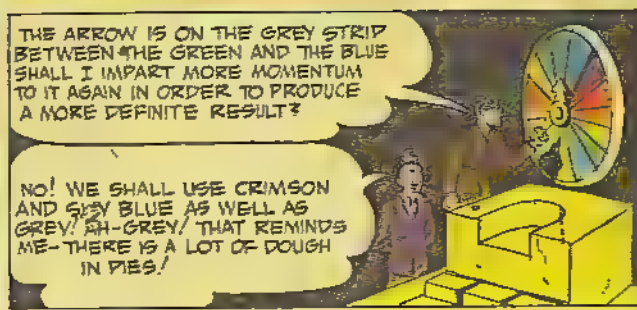
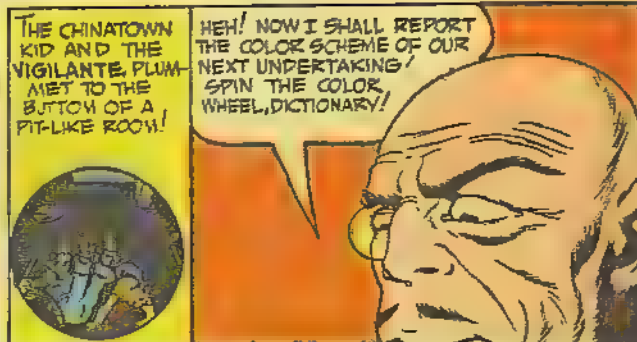
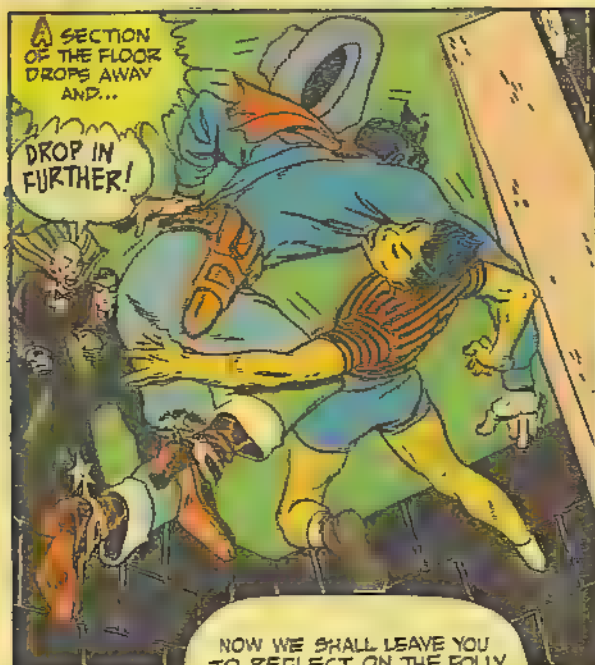
WE ARE DELIGHTED TO REPORT THAT WE HAVE PROCURED THE BONDS!

YEAH! AND WE LEFT THE NOTE FOR THE VIGILANTE LIKE YOU TOLD US TO!

FER GOO'NESS SAKE! I TOL' YOU WE WAS ON THE WRONG TRAIN! WE'RE IN TEXAS!

AH, THEN! HE SHOULD BE HERE WITHIN THE HOUR! AND WHEN HE ARRIVES, WE SHALL HAVE A WARM WELCOME READY FOR HIM! EH, BOYS?





SUDDENLY AS THE ARMORED CAR ROUNDS A CORNER...

WHAT'S THIS?

A DEAD END! LOOK OUT, MIKE!

THE TRUCK SWERVES SUDDENLY TO AVOID PLUNGING INTO THE RED BRICK WALL...

DEAD END

SCREECH

...ONLY TO CRASH WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT INTO A BUILDING!

CRASH

THE HARMONIOUS BLENDING OF YOUR PAINTS HAS ACCOMPLISHED OUR OBJECTIVE!

THE RAINBOW MAN AND HIS THUGS RUSH OUT FROM BEHIND THE PAINTING OF THE BRICK WALL

SHUT UP AND GET THE MONEY OUT OF THE TRUCK!

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

VERILY! OUR CONVEYANCE IS ARRIVING NOW!

A DELIVERY TRUCK DRIVES UP TO COMPLETE THE CRIME ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF PLUNDER!

LOAD THE STUFF ON THE TRUCK AND WE'LL BE THROUGH THE CITY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

WHILE IN THE R NARROWING TOMB, STUFF AND THE VIGILANTE WATCH THE HUES OF LIGHT GROW DARKER.

ANY SOUND NOW AND IT'S TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT, I'M GOING TO BE A CHINESE PANCAKE IN NO TIME AT ALL!

Suddenly, THE VIGILANTE LEAPS!

THESE WALLS ARE SMOOTH AS GLASS, BUT MY SPURS TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE DIFFICULTY VERY NICELY!

A FEW SECONDS LATER
HE SCRAMBLES OUT
OF THE PIT...

THE COLORS ARE
DARKER THAN EVER..
I'LL HAVE TO WORK
FAST!



THE NEXT INSTANT- THE
SWISH OF THE RANGE
WARRIOR'S LARIAT...

GIVE A GOOD MAN ENOUGH
ROPE ... AND HE'LL
PULL HIMSELF OUT...
I HOPE!



THE SPOTLIGHT CHANGES TO
DEEP PURPLE...

WHY COULDN'T
I HAVE BEEN
BORN LIKE THE
THIN MAN?



JUST AS THE COLOR
DEEPENS TO EBONY BLACK.

WHEW!



THAT WAS THE CLOSEST
CALL WE'VE HAD IN A
LONG TIME.

YOU SAID IT- ANOTHER
MINUTE AND WE WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD A JAP'S CHANCE!



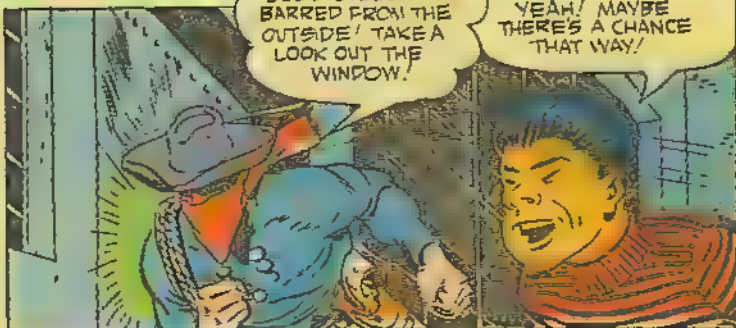
WE GOT IN HERE
EASY ENOUGH- BUT
HOW ABOUT
GETTING
OUT?

WE'LL HAVE TO
FIND A WAY,
STUFF! NO TELLING
WHERE THOSE
RATTLESNAKES
WILL BE AN HOUR
FROM NOW!

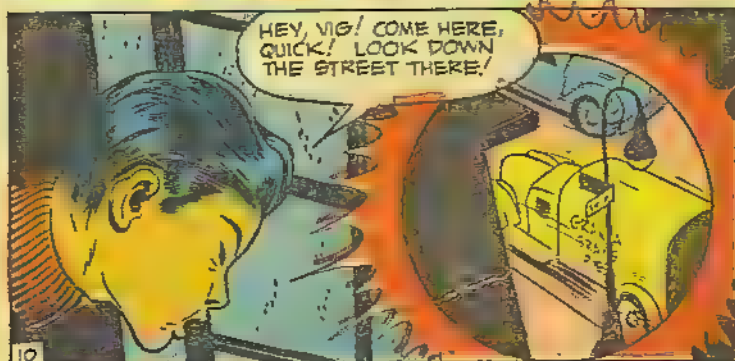


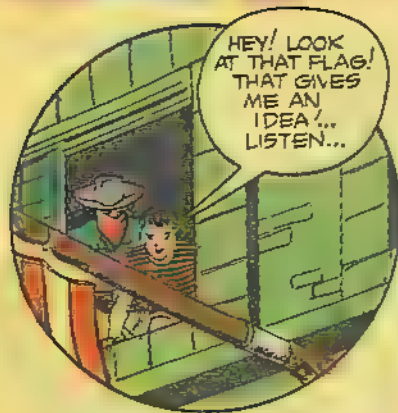
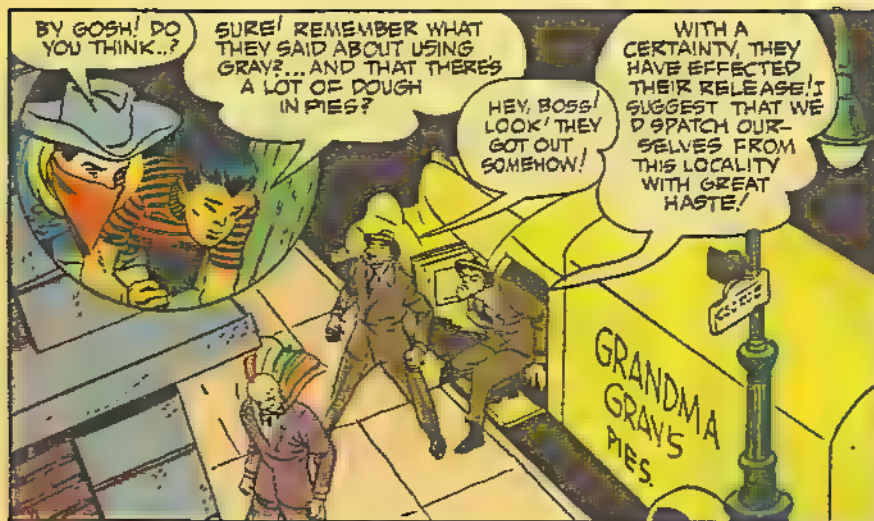
THIS DOOR IS
SOLID STEEL AND
BARRED FROM THE
OUTSIDE! TAKE A
LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW!

YEAH! MAYBE
THERE'S A CHANCE
THAT WAY!



HEY, VIG! COME HERE,
QUICK! LOOK DOWN
THE STREET THERE!







A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, AN OBJECT HURTLING DOWN TOWARDS THE EARTH!



WE SHALL DEAL WITH THE VIGILANTE LATER! WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED OUR FIRST GOAL- WEALTH!

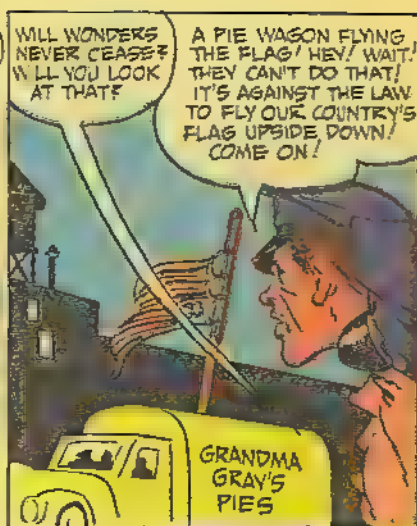
YEAH... THIS IS SO EASY, IT'S FUNNY!



WHAT WAS THAT?

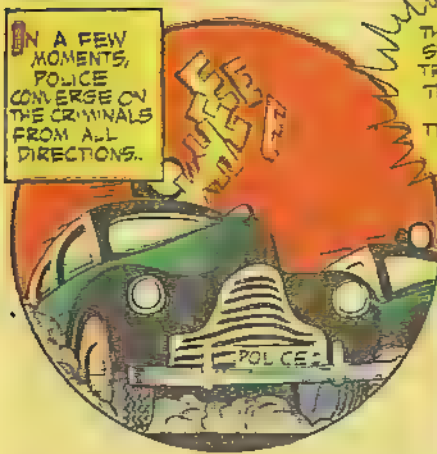
I DUNNO. SO WHAT?

DON'T STOP TO LOOK. AS LONG AS THE COPS DON'T STOP US, WE'RE SAFE!



WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE? WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?

A PIE WAGON FLYING THE FLAG! HEY! WAIT! THEY CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO FLY OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG UPSIDE DOWN! COME ON!

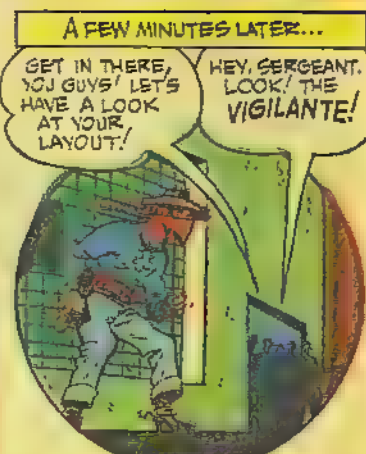
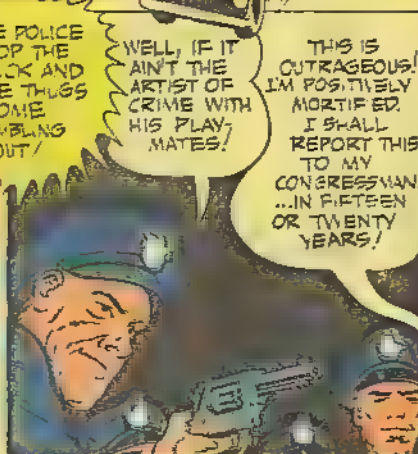


IN A FEW MOMENTS, POLICE CONVERGE ON THE CRIMINALS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

THE POLICE STOP THE TRUCK AND THE THUGS COME TUMBLING OUT!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T THE ARTIST OF CRIME WITH HIS PLAY-MATES!

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I'M POSITIVELY MORTIFIED. I SHALL REPORT THIS TO MY CONGRESSMAN... IN FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

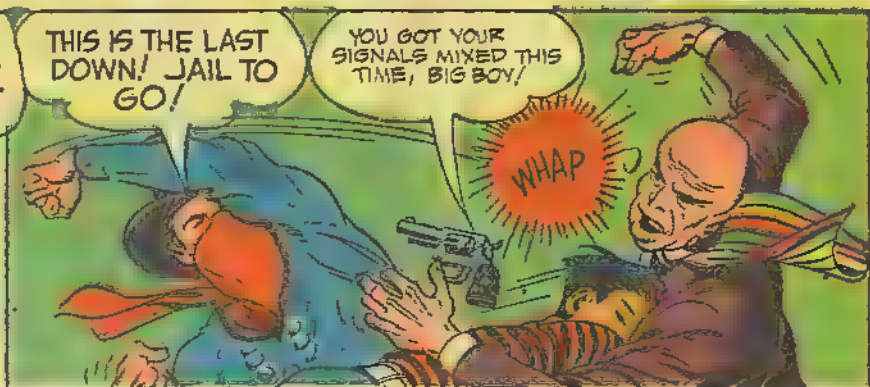
GET IN THERE, YOU GUYS! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR LAYOUT!

HEY, SERGEANT. LOOK! THE VIGILANTE!



Suddenly THE COLOR KING MAKES A BREAK...

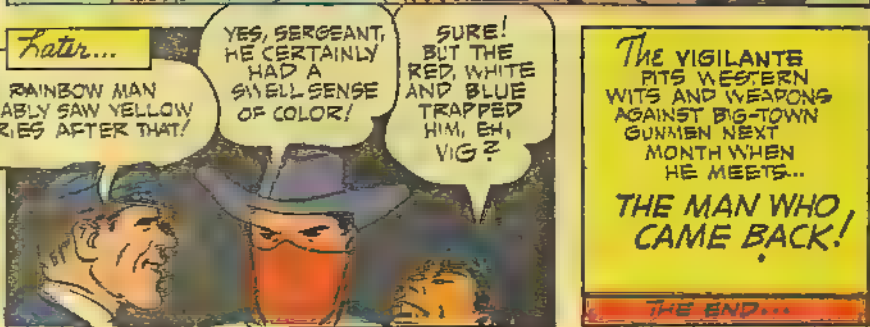
I'LL GET YOU, VIGILANTE, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



THIS IS THE LAST DOWN! JAIL TO GO!

YOU GOT YOUR SIGNALS MIXED THIS TIME, BIG BOY!

WHAP



Later...

THE RAINBOW MAN PROBABLY SAW YELLOW CANARIES AFTER THAT!

YES, SERGEANT, HE CERTAINLY HAD A SWEET SENSE OF COLOR!

SURE! BUT THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE TRAPPED HIM, EH, VIG?

THE VIGILANTE FITS WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS AGAINST BIG-TOWN GUNMEN NEXT MONTH WHEN HE MEETS...
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK!
THE END...

**RICH
IN
DEXTROSE**

HI HO! . . . HI HO!
TO SPREAD THE NEWS I GO!

Before you're "batter-up"—Big Boy
—remember **BABY RUTH**, the Big
League candy bar that packs a wal-
lop in both flavor and food energy.

Help keep your pep **UP**—and
you help keep your score **DOWN**.
BABY RUTH will aid a lot
the last nine holes!

'Morning, busy mother. How
about this **BABY RUTH**—makes
your work a pleasure—helps
relieve fatigue!

Five little princesses—all in a row.
BABY RUTH is the first and only candy
ever given to the famous Quintuplets.

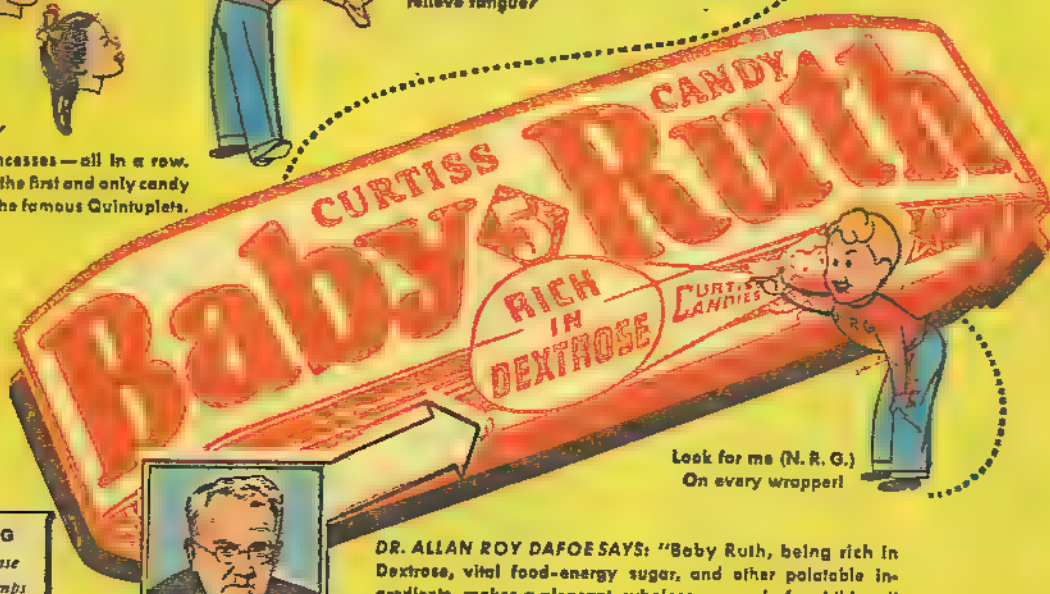
© King Features
Syndicate, Inc.

KEEP 'EM FLYING
... Buy U.S. Defense
Bonds and Stamps



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "Baby Ruth, being rich in
Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable in-
gredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



Look for me (N. R. G.)
On every wrapper!

3 ACES

WESTWARD-HO WING
THE THE THREE ACES
ENROUTE TO JOIN UNCLE
SAM'S EMBATTLED
PACIFIC FORCES-- YET
THERE IS TIME ENOUGH
FOR A BRIEF STOPOVER
WITH ADVENTURE IN
DEATH VALLEY IN

*"The MYSTERY of the
MEANDERING
MANSION!"*



DUSK OVER DEATH VALLEY
AND THREE SLEEK PLANES
WING OVER THE BLEACHED
WHITE SANDS---



SUDDENLY A ROCKET
ZOOMS UP INTO THE
SKY!!

HELLO! THAT LOOKED
LIKE AN S.O.S. FROM
THAT HOUSE IN THE
DESERT!



A QUICK WIGGLE OF WINGS
IN MUTE COMMAND, AND
THE THREE ACES ROAR
TO A LANDING!!

THIS IS WHERE
THE ROCKET
CAME FROM!
WE'D BEST GET
OUT AND TAKE
A LOOK-SEE!

RIGHT-O!!
M'LEGS
COULD
STAND A
BIT OF A
STRETCH!



FROM A STRANGE HOUSE
THERE APPEARS A
STRANGER APPARITION---

STAND BY,
PALS!
HERE
COMES
A
MIRAGE!

MY
WORD!!

GREETINGS!
GREETINGS!
I'M LYDIA
LEMON--
HOW DO
YOU DO?!

HOW DO, M'AM! THAT'S
GUNNER, AND THE FAT
ONE IS FOG! I'M
WHISTLER! NOW WHAT
WAS THAT ROCKET
ABOUT? WHAT'S
WRONG??

ROCKET? WHAT ROCKET?
TUTS!! MUST BE THE
FOURTH OF JULY! NOW
COME INSIDE AT ONCE--
I HAVEN'T HAD
COMPANY FOR
YEARS!



AS THE THREE ACES FOLLOW THEIR
CONFUSING HOSTESS ---

YOU'RE ALL
JUST IN TIME
FOR DINNER!
COME AND
GET IT!!

TODAY AIN'T
THE FOURTH
OF JULY!
SHE'S
SLAP-HAPPY!!

THIS OLD
GAL
SURE IS
PECULIAR!

PRESENTLY, THEY FIND THEMSELVES
INSIDE A VAST, RAMBLING MANSION---

SOME JOLLY
BIG PLACE YOU
HAVE HERE,
M'AM!

AND HOW!! BIG
ENOUGH FOR
A REGIMENT!



BIG? REGIMENT?? TUTS!!
I LIVE HERE ALL ALONE
WITH ONLY ONE
SERVANT! THEN
WHY BUILD
SO BIG A HOUSE?

WHY? I'LL TELL YOU A
SECRET--I KNOW I'M
GOING TO STAY ALIVE
JUST AS LONG AS I
KEEP ON ADDING
ROOMS TO THE HOUSE!
THERE-- NOW YOU
KNOW."

and THREE UNEASY
ACES PASS UNANIMOUS
JUDGMENT ON THEIR
HOSTESS ---

NOW --
COME TO
DINNER!



But, AS THEY SEAT THEMSELVES, A DISTINCT SOUND IS WAFTED ACROSS THE CLEAR DESERT AIR ---

I SAY!!

HEAR THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE TAMPERING WITH OUR PLANES!

LET'S GO!!



Like THREE MUSKETEERS OF OLD, THE THREE ACES CHARGE, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER ---

LOOKING FOR ENTERTAINMENT, BUD? HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL AMUSE YOU!

OW!



THERE THEY ARE!!

CHEEKY BLIGHTERS!! GOT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON, WHAT?



HAPPY LANDINGS, PAL!! FROM NOW ON, STAY IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!



DIRTY POACHERS!! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A CHAP LOSE HIS BLASTED TEMPER!!

OHhh..



Like SILENT WRAITHS, THE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDERS DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHADOWS ---

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONE!

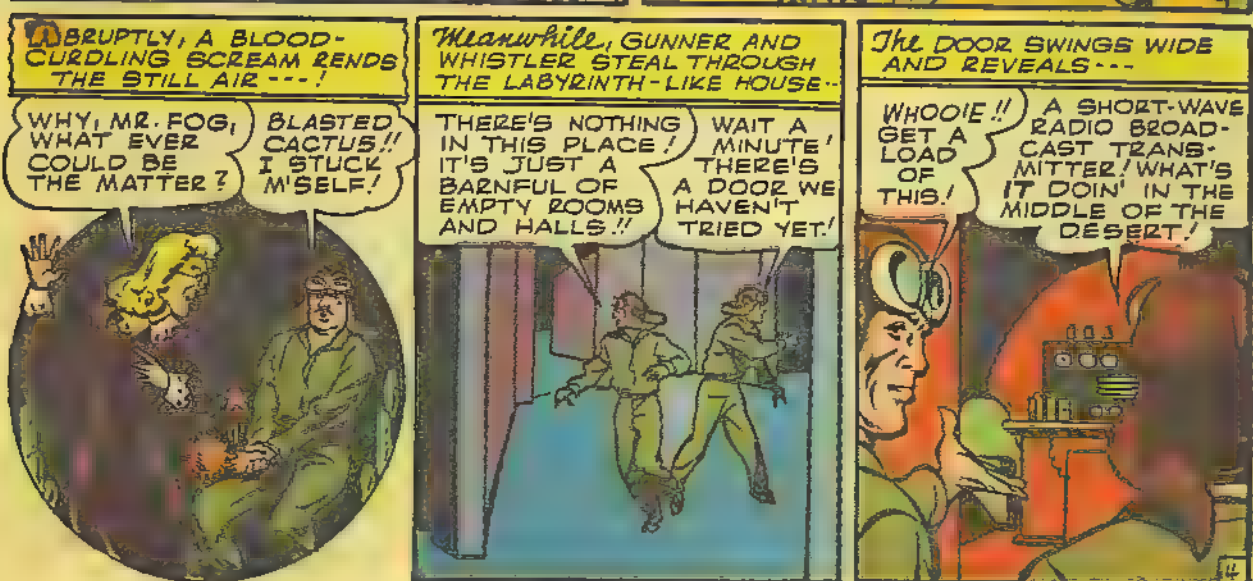
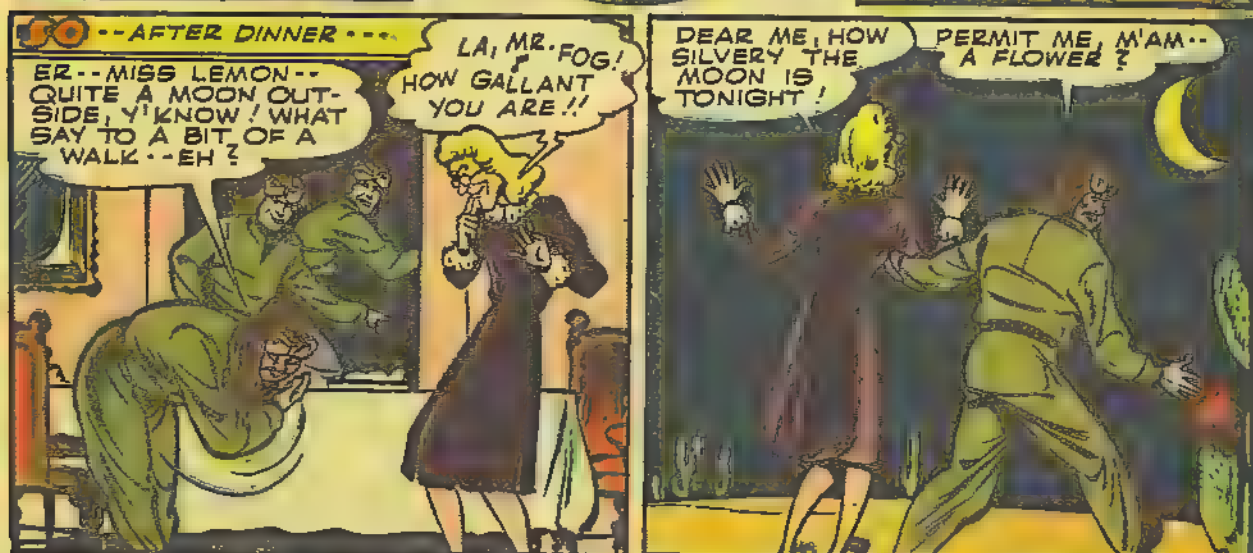
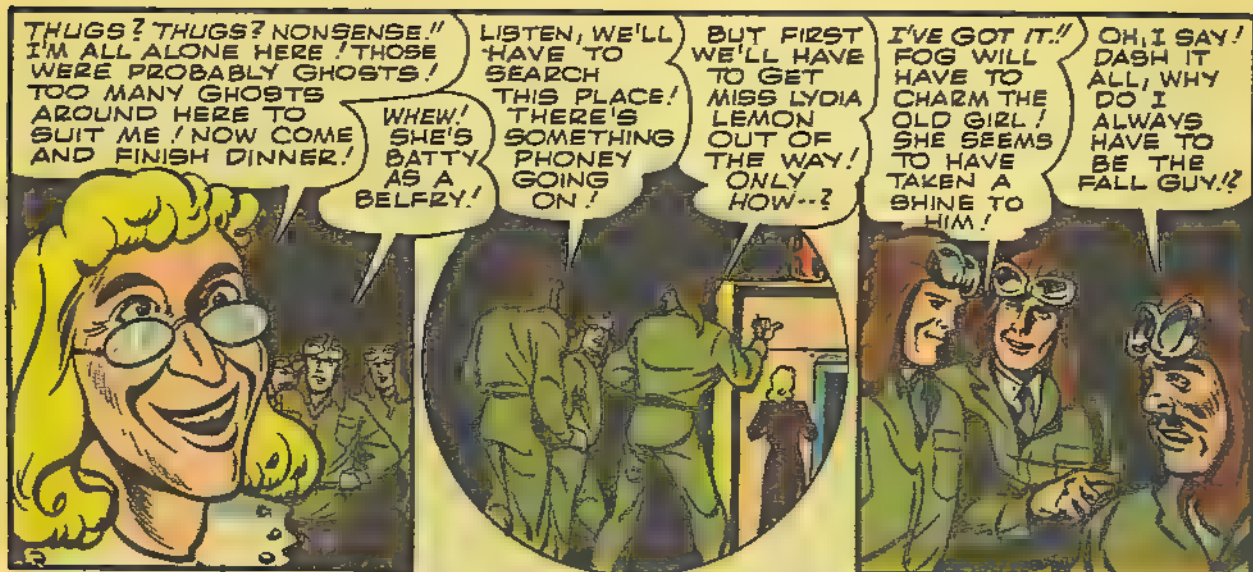
BOYS, I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT! IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



WHAT ARE YOU BAD BOYS DOING OUT THERE??

BEG PARDON, M'AM! WE'VE HAD A BIT OF A ROW WITH SOME THUGS!





THEN--SOFT STEPS BEHIND THEM, AND A GUTTURAL VOICE SPEAKS!

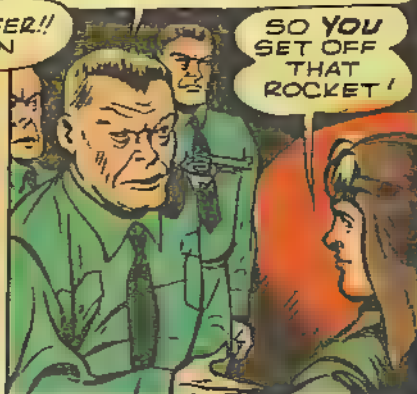
YOU MAY WONDER ALL YOU LIKE, MINE HERREN, BUT YOU IT WILL DO NO GOOD!

SHADES OF LUCIFER!!
NAZIS!! GERMAN
SPIES!!



AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE IT GAVE US TO LUZE YOU HERUNTER, WE DISCOVERED WE COULD NOT YOUR PLANES STEAL MITOUT THE KEYS! YOU WILL HAND THEM OVER PLEASE!!

SO YOU
SET OFF
THAT
ROCKET!



A SWIFT GLANCE IS EX-CHANGED THEN AS ONE MAN TWO ACES ATTACK!!

LIKE BLAZES
WE'LL
GIVE YOU
THOSE
IGNITION
KEYS!!

BUT
WE'LL
GIVE
YOU
PLENTY
OF SOME-
THING
ELSE!!



THROUGH THE VAST EMPTY MANSION THE SHOTS ECHO, AND INTO THE CLEAR NIGHT. THEN---

BY JOVE!! WHAT'S
THAT?? SHOTS??



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

DASHED IF I
KNOW! BUT
THE LADS
ARE IN TROUBLE!
THAT'S ENOUGH
FOR ME!



THROUGH TWISTING HALLS,
FOG SPEEDS---

TALLY-HO,
LADS!! WHERE
ARE YOU?
THE FOG-
MAN IS
COMING!

HERE
WE ARE,
FOGGIE!!



WAS
ISTS??
OHHH..

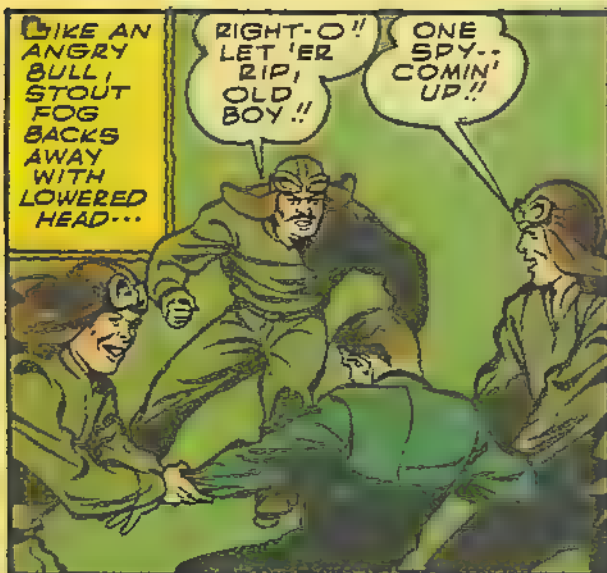
PRETTY SOLID
FOR A GHOST,
AIN'T YOU?



NICE WORK,
FOGGIE!
LET'S TRY
IT AGAIN!

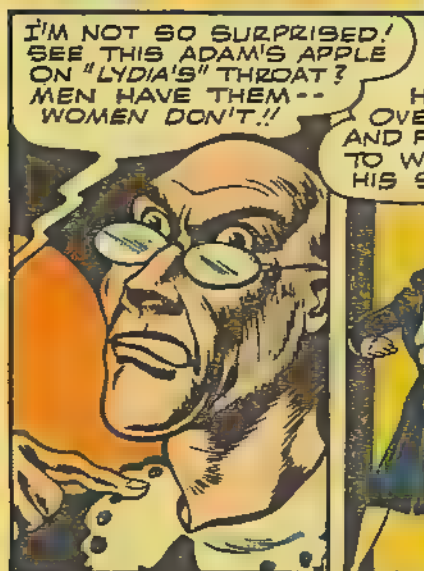
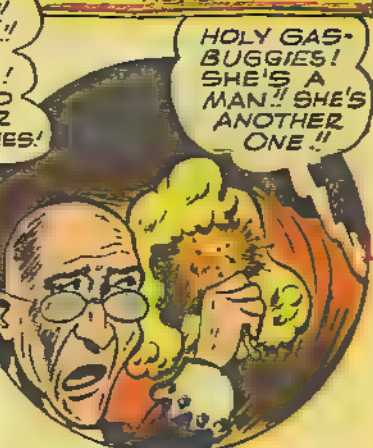
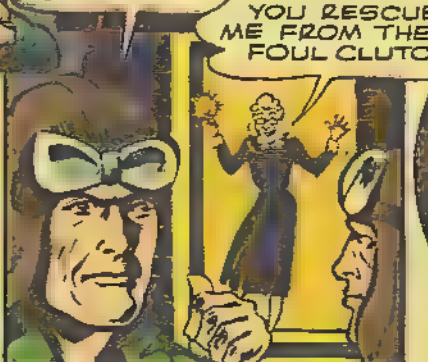
GREAT
IDEA!!





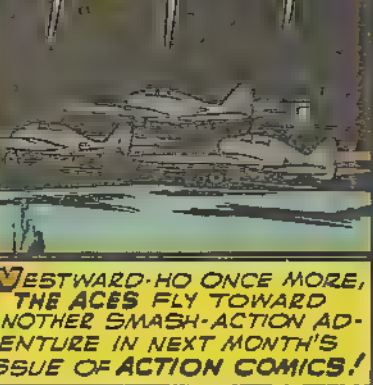
THESE GERMANS HAVE BEEN USING THIS MANSION AS A CLEARING HOUSE FOR SPIES! THEY PROBABLY LURED OUR PLANES DOWN TO MAKE A GETAWAY..

But THE STICKY CACTUS FLOWER PASSES TOO CLOSE TO LYDIA LEMON'S HEAD ---



HE'S THE REAL LEADER OF THE GANG! HE TOOK OVER MY HOUSE AND FORCED ME TO WORK AS HIS SERVANT!

DON'T WORRY, M'AM! FROM NOW ON, HE AND HIS GANG WILL WORK FOR UNCLE SAM-- ON A ROCK-PILE!!



MR. America³ AND FAT MAN

by
BERNARD
BAILY

WAS IT TRUE? WAS THE
QUEEN BEE, WORLD'S
DEADLIEST AND MOST HEART-
LESS WOMAN CRIMINAL,
REALLY THE VICTIM OF A
MONSTROUS ACCIDENT?
OR WAS IT ONLY A
FIENDISH TRAP TO DESTROY
MR. AMERICA, AND
HIS BRAVE ALLY,
FAT MAN? NO ONE KNEW.
BUT MR. AMERICA
PLUNGED FEARLESSLY INTO
DANGER TO FACE THE
SUPREME CHALLENGE OF—
THE CRIME MACHINE!



TURMOIL ON A BUSY STREET! GRIM FIGURES RACING FROM A CLOSED BANK! PALLID LIPS BREATHE A DREAD NAME--- IT IS---



THE QUEEN BEE! SHE'S STRIKING AGAIN!

HER MOB IS ROBBING THE BANK!

INDIFFERENT TO HUMAN LIVES, THE FLEEING CAR BECOMES A JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM!

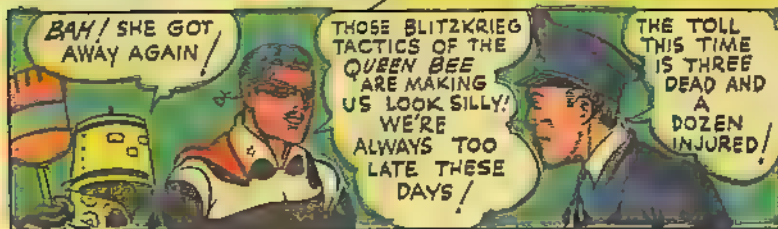
THEM COPS ARE GONNA TRY TO STOP US!!

RIDE THEM DOWN! NOBODY STOPS THE QUEEN BEE!

AN OLD STORY REPEATS ITSELF... THE CROOKS VANISH, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THEIR WAKE...



SCANT MOMENTS TOO LATE, MR AMERICA AND FAT MAN, THE QUEEN BEE'S MOST RELENTLESS ENEMIES, REACH THE SCENE---



BAH! SHE GOT AWAY AGAIN!

THOSE BLITZKRIEG TACTICS OF THE QUEEN BEE ARE MAKING US LOOK SILLY! WE'RE ALWAYS TOO LATE THESE DAYS!

THE TOLL THIS TIME IS THREE DEAD AND A DOZEN INJURED!

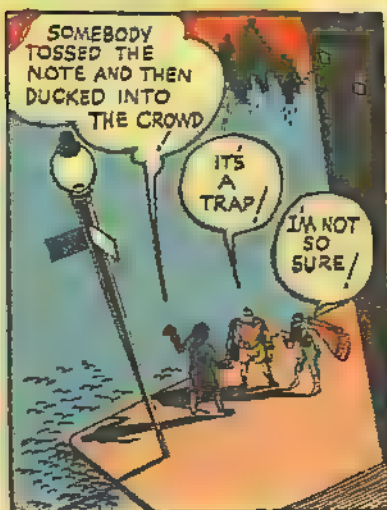
Suddenly...
A STRANGE MISSILE WHIZZES OUT OF NOWHERE

NEVE GOT TO... HEY WHATS THAT?

A ROCK! WITH A NOTE TIED TO IT!



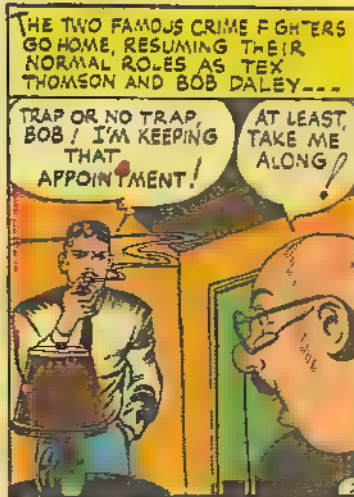
MR AMERICA... ONLY I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE QUEEN BEE! IF YOU WOULD END HER CRIME CAREER, MEET ME IN THE PARK TONIGHT.



SOMEBODY TOSSED THE NOTE AND THEN DUCKED INTO THE CROWD

IT'S A TRAP!

I'M NOT SO SURE!



THE TWO FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTERS GO HOME, RESUMING THEIR NORMAL ROLES AS TEX THOMSON AND BOB DALEY---

TRAP OR NO TRAP BOB! I'M KEEPING THAT APPOINTMENT!

AT LEAST, TAKE ME ALONG!

THAT NIGHT... MR. AMERICA'S MIRACLE FLYING CARPET WINGS ACROSS SPACE TO THE RENDEZVOUS ---

THAT MUST BE MY MAN! HE'S ALL ALONE AND THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF AMBUSH!! I'LL DROP DOWN!

I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM! HE MUST COME! HE MUST!

I AM DR. ARNOLD RAVEN, THE BRAIN SPECIALIST. THE ONE YOU CALL THE QUEEN BEE IS REALLY MY DAUGHTER, LISSA RAVEN!

YOUR DAUGHTER? BUT HOW... WHAT?

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! SHE'S REALLY SWEET AND GENTLE --- PLEASE HEAR MY STORY...

SWEET AND GENTLE? WOULDN'T HARM ANYONE ???

LISSA WAS MY PRIDE AND JOY! EVERYONE LOVED HER. HER CALM PRESENCE SOOTHED EVEN MY MOST VIOLENT PATIENTS!

WHILE BACK AT THEIR APARTMENT, BOB DALEY CAN CONTAIN HIMSELF NO LONGER...

MR. AMERICA MAY BE WALKING RIGHT INTO A DEATH TRAP! IT'S TIME FOR FAT MAN TO DO A LITTLE QUIET "BODY-GUARDING!"

MEANWHILE, MR. AMERICA CONFRONTS THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ---

MR. AMERICA! YOU KEPT THE APPOINTMENT !!

YES! TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE QUEEN BEE!

MEANWHILE, I WORKED ON MY GREAT SECRET... A RAY THAT WOULD BLOT OUT THE EMOTION OF WORRY FOR A TIME... LISSA WAS MY STAUNCH HELPER..."

I HOPE IT WORKS, FATHER!

IF I CAN MAKE PEOPLE STOP WORRYING I CAN HEAL THEIR SICK MINDS! WORRY IS A CURSE THAT COMES WITH CIVILIZATION!

AT LAST, MY MACHINE WAS FINISHED! THERE REMAINED BUT ONE PROBLEM... THE TEST!... WOULD IT WORK ? "

THIS MAY BE DANGEROUS! THE BRAIN MAY BE AFFECTED, I WILL TEST IT FIRST!

NO, FATHER! I WILL RISK THE TEST!

"BEFORE I COULD INTERFERE, MY BRAVE, UNSELFISH LISSA HAD TURNED THE SWITCH AND HURLED HERSELF INTO THE UNTRIED MACHINE ----"



LISSA, MY DARLING STOP!

"IN AN AGONY OF FEAR, I CUT OFF THE POWER!... LISSA MOVED, OPENED HER EYES! THEN, TO MY UTTER HORROR ----!"

LISSA... SPEAK TO ME! NO! NO! NOT THAT!



"MY DARLING LIVED... BUT IN HER EYES AND FACE I READ THE GHASTLY TRUTH... THEN SHE SPOKE... HER VOICE HARSH!!

LISSA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE! BUT DON'T CALL ME LISSA! I'M THE QUEEN BEE... QUEEN OF CRIME! I'LL HAVE THE WORLD AT MY FEET!

"I SUDDENLY REALIZED THE HORRIBLE TRUTH! MY MACHINE, INSTEAD OF DESTROYING THE EMOTION OF WORRY, HAD FROZEN HER SENSE OF CONSCIENCE! SHE HAD LOST ALL KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG!"

WAIT, LISSA!

OUT OF MY WAY, FOOL! I'M OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD!

SO YOU SEE, IT IS ALL MY FAULT! YOU MUST HELP ME FIND HER AND SAVE HER BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

BUT HOW CAN YOU SAVE HER?

I DESTROYED MY TERRIBLE MACHINE AND BUILT A NEW ONE TO UNDO THE TERRIBLE WRONG!

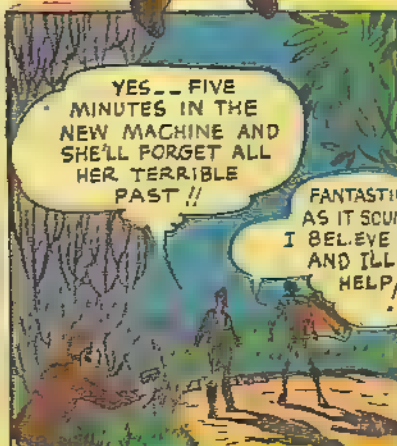
THEN, IF THE QUEEN BEE CAN BE PUT UNDER THE NEW RAY, SHE'LL BECOME LISSA... AND FORGET CRIME?

YES... FIVE MINUTES IN THE NEW MACHINE AND SHE'LL FORGET ALL HER TERRIBLE PAST!!

FANTASTIC AS IT SOUNDS, I BELIEVE YOU AND I'LL HELP!

THE QUEEN WAS SURE SMART... HAVIN' ME TRAIL THE OLD GOAT! NOW I PLUG MR. AMERICA FOR KEEPS AN'...

MR. AMERICA PONDERES, UNAWARE THAT DEATH IS FACING HIM....



BUT AGAIN THE UNDERWORLD HAS RECKONED WITHOUT MR. AMERICA'S ALLY... **FAT MAN**!

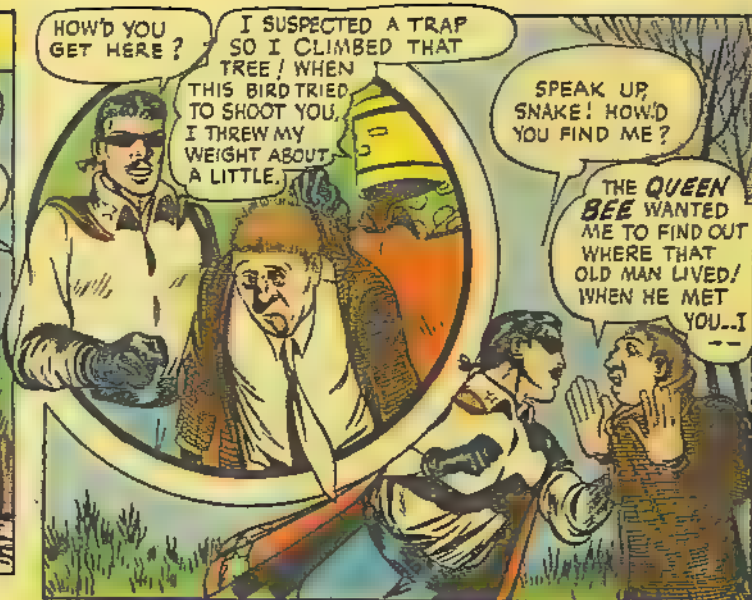


HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

I SUSPECTED A TRAP SO I CLIMBED THAT TREE! WHEN THIS BIRD TRIED TO SHOOT YOU, I THREW MY WEIGHT ABOUT A LITTLE.

SPEAK UP, SNAKE! HOW'D YOU FIND ME?

THE **QUEEN BEE** WANTED ME TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT OLD MAN LIVED! WHEN HE MET YOU... I



WHAT DID SHE WANT OF DR RAVEN?

HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF MACHINE SHE WANTED TO STEAL! SAID IT WOULD MAKE A LOTTA GUYS TURN CROOKS AND HELP US PULL SOME BIG JOBS THAT SHE HAD LINED UP FOR US!



WITH APPARENT CARELESSNESS, MR. AMERICA TURNS HIS BACK ON THE FRIGHTENED CROOK.

SHE THINKS MY OLD MACHINE IS STILL IN OPERATION

HEY, LOOK!



STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

LET HIM!



I PURPOSELY LET HIM ESCAPE! HE'LL DRAW THE **QUEEN BEE** INTO OUR TRAP WHEN SHE COMES TO STEAL THE MACHINE!

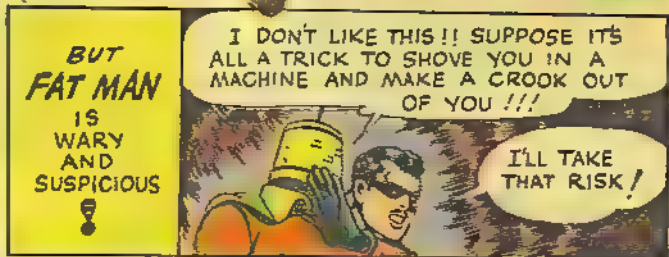
PERFECT... IF WE CAN HOLD HER FOR FIVE MINUTES, HER TERRIBLE CAREER OF CRIME WILL BE ENDED FOREVER!



BUT FAT MAN IS WARY AND SUSPICIOUS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!! SUPPOSE IT'S ALL A TRICK TO SHOVE YOU IN A MACHINE AND MAKE A CROOK OUT OF YOU !!!

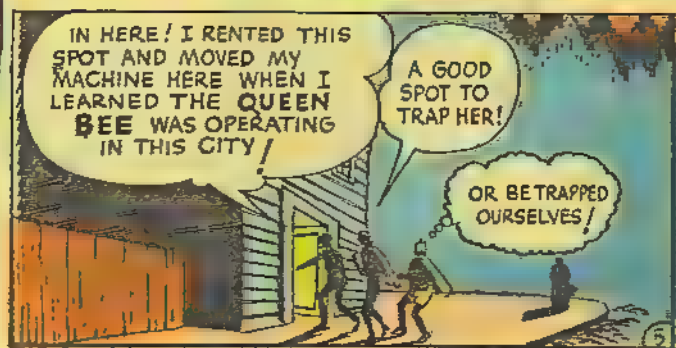
I'LL TAKE THAT RISK!

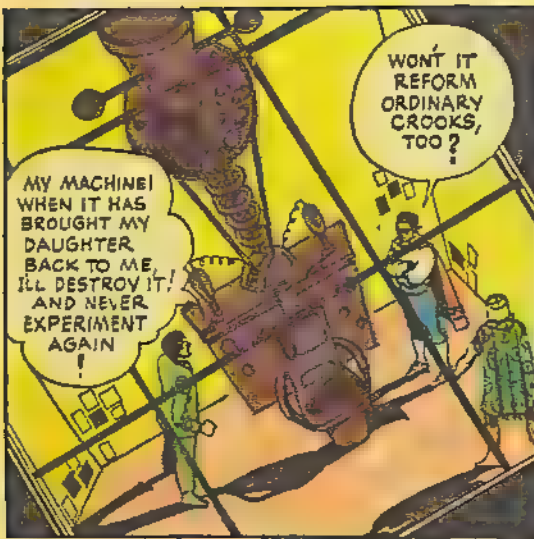


IN HERE! I RENTED THIS SPOT AND MOVED MY MACHINE HERE WHEN I LEARNED THE **QUEEN BEE** WAS OPERATING IN THIS CITY!

A GOOD SPOT TO TRAP HER!

OR BETRAPPED OURSELVES!





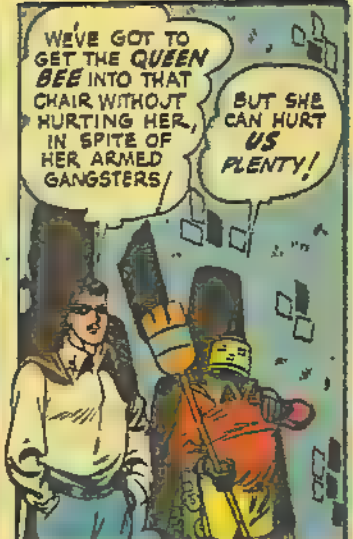
WON'T IT REFORM
ORDINARY
CROOKS,
TOO?

MY MACHINE!
WHEN IT HAS
BROUGHT MY
DAUGHTER
BACK TO ME,
I'LL DESTROY IT!
AND NEVER
EXPERIMENT
AGAIN!



NO! UNFORTUNATELY,
IT WILL ONLY WORK
ON A VICTIM OF
MY FIRST
TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!

THEN WE
HAVE A SWEET
JOB
AHEAD!



WE'VE GOT TO
GET THE **QUEEN
BEE** INTO THAT
CHAIR WITHOUT
HURTING HER,
IN SPIKE OF
HER ARMED
GANGSTERS!

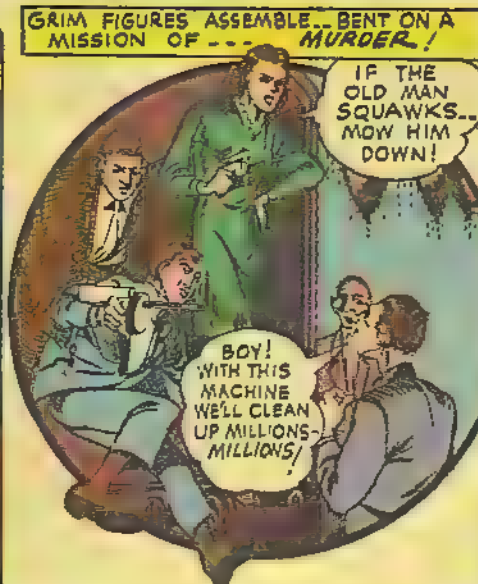
BUT SHE
CAN HURT
US
PLENTY!



A SHORT TIME LATER, A MYSTERIOUS
TRUCK BACKS INTO THE OUTER DOOR.

OKAY, JAKE...
KILL THE
MOTOR!

THIS
JOB'LL BE
A CINCH!



GRIM FIGURES ASSEMBLE... BENT ON A
MISSION OF --- **MURDER!**

IF THE
OLD MAN
SQUAWKS...
MOW HIM
DOWN!

BOY!
WITH THIS
MACHINE
WE'LL CLEAN
UP MILLIONS
MILLIONS!



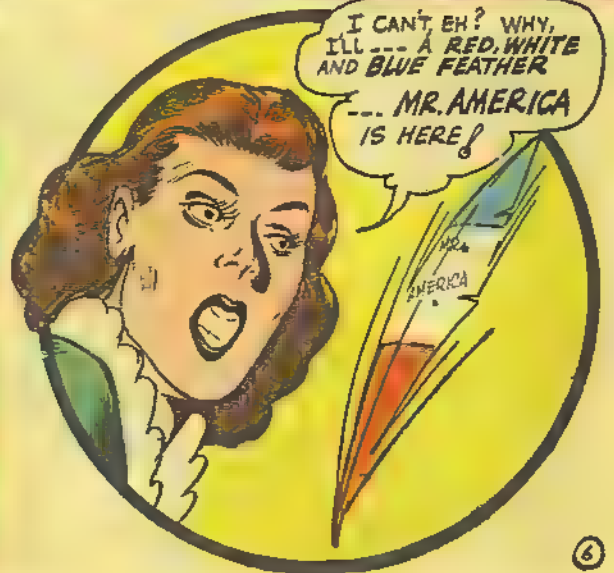
TAKE IT EASY, DOG!
WE'RE AFTER THE
MACHINE!

LISSA!
HOW
CAN YOU
SPEAK SO
TO YOUR
FATHER!



SKIP THE WEEPS, OLD
MAN !!! YOU'RE JUST THE
SAP WHO IS GOING TO
MAKE ME **QUEEN OF THE
WORLD** WITH THAT
MACHINE !!! I'LL TURN
OUT CROOKS
WHOLESALE !

NO, LISSA!
YOU
CAN'T!



I CAN'T, EH? WHY,
I'LL --- A **RED, WHITE
AND BLUE FEATHER**
--- **MR. AMERICA**
IS HERE!

AS ALWAYS, THE FEATHER IS FOLLOWED BY THE FIGUR
ALL CROOKDOM HATES AND FEARS----

I'M HERE/
AND THIS IS THE
END OF THE
LINE FOR YOU--
YOU, **QUEEN
BEE!**

WE'VE BEEN
TRICKED/
SHOOT HIM
DOWN/
BOYS!

THEN,
A
FRESH
INTERRUPTION
OCCURS!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE MY TRADE
MARK, BOYS?

AWWRKK!
HALP!

SWISHH

THAT MEANS
FAT MAN IS HERE,
TOO--READY
TO SWEEP
UP
CRIME!

THEY'RE
OUTNUMBERED!
LET 'EM
HAVE
IT!

WHAT WE LACK
IN QUANTITY, WE
MAKE UP IN
QUALITY !!

THANKS
FOR THE
GIFTS,
BOYS!

IF I'M DOING
ANYTHING YOU'RE
SORRY FOR, I'M
GLAD OF IT!

ONE QUICK
SHOT WILL
FINISH
MR. AMERICA!

TUT! TUT!
NO FAIR SHOOTING
IN THE
BACK, DEARIE!

THIS IS
FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD,
DEAR !!

SAFEGUARD

by John Hilton

THEY came out of the almost dark hotel, running silently through the soft night. There were two of them and they had just rifled the safe deposit boxes of the fashionable hotel and gaming establishment that Big Dan Morgan ran on his private island. Like swift shadows, they raced toward the boat one of them had arrived on. They did not fear momentary pursuit because a dead hotel night clerk cannot talk and they had rolled him beneath the counter.

The boat was waiting where it had been left. But there was someone else there, too, and when Spider Blaney, the smaller of the two men, saw him a muttered oath came from his lips. The intruder was playing a flashlight on the boat.

“Spider,” the other man, who had slowed down to a trot, said, “that’s the watchman.”

And now the watchman had heard them. He turned, fumbling for his gun as Spider sprang. Spider’s own gun smashed against the watchman’s face, sending him into the other thief, who would have tumbled overboard had not his accomplice grabbed his ankle.

“What’s the matter with you, Reddy?” Spider rasped. “Can’t you keep those big feet of yours out of the way? That guy might have plugged me.”

“I—I—couldn’t help it, Spider,” the man called Reddy said. “Good thing you grabbed me. I ain’t learned how to swim yet.”

“Aaaargh!” Spider spat. His gun was trained on the watchman. “I should plug this monkey. Get the engine started. And here!” He threw a black bag at Reddy, who caught it deftly and leaped aboard the

waiting 34 footer. In a moment, the explosions of the starting engine filled the night, and Reddy quickly throttled them down.

★ ★ ★

But he managed to look up in time to see Spider send a bullet into the unconscious watchman. He knew then why Spider had ordered him to start the engine. Reddy shrugged as Spider’s voice said: “Okay, I’ve cast off. Get going.” Reddy didn’t feel good, all of a sudden, even though he was used to violent death. A guy who makes a business of running Chinamen through the Keys, like Reddy did, can’t afford to be fastidious.

He ought to feel good, he told himself. It wasn’t everybody got a chance to pull a job with a big-timer like Spider Blaney. A nervy guy.

His mind went back to the moment, three weeks ago, when Spider had contacted him. Up until then, Reddy had never believed a guy would have nerve enough to stick-up a place owned by a big-shot like Big Dan Morgan. Now, as the boat pulled away from the shore, shot out into the Channel, Reddy realized the job was actually done. In the cabin, on one of the bunks, was a black bag containing a fortune in jewelry. Every move until the actual moment of acquisition had been carefully planned by Spider, who had managed to convince Big Dan that all he was down for was the gambling. Reddy chuckled. Well, he and Spider had sure showed Big Dan.

★ ★ ★

And just wait until the split. Fifty-fifty, Spider had promised. And, Reddy told himself pride-

fully, it was only just. Wasn’t he, Reddy, the only guy around the Florida Keys who knew them well enough to be able to hide a hot guy like Spider? Just let Big Dan or anybody else try to find him. He chuckled.

“What’s so funny?”

Reddy turned, saw Spider’s hard eyes trained on him.

“Nothing, Spider, nothing. I was just thinking what a whoop and a holler Big Dan is going to let out when he finds his guests’ ice is all gone.”

“That’s not so funny,” Spider snapped. “I’m not sure I got that watchman. The light was bad. And, if he recognized this boat, we’d better get out of sight fast.”

★ ★ ★

For just a moment Reddy’s blood froze. Like most of his ilk, he was a coward at heart. He knew that with so noticeable an absence, Spider would instantly be suspected by Big Dan. He’d never know Reddy was in on it, because until tonight, Reddy hadn’t appeared on the scene.

But now this was different. Beads of sweat broke out on Reddy’s forehead and there must have been betrayal of his fear in his face because suddenly Spider laughed and said, jeeringly: “Don’t worry, Reddy. You said you could hide out in the Keys and nobody would find you. That’s your reputation and that’s why I picked you.” Sneeringly, he added: “I can do the fighting for you, too.” His voice hardened. “If they do come, they’re going to have one tough time getting that ice.”

“Yeah.” Reddy turned from the wheel, licked suddenly dry lips. “We’ll make it tough.” His frightened eyes looked toward the sky. Dawn was beginning

to streak it.

Watching Reddy, Spider Blaney allowed an expression of disgust to cross his face. It was pretty raw when a high class guy had to hire a yokel like this to help on a job. But there had been no way out, and Reddy had been well recommended by a certain smuggling clique. He was one captain who knew his waters. Even, Spider mused to himself, if he couldn't swim.

His beady eyes blinked as he savoured this thought and a thin lipped smile showed on his face. "So you can't swim," he said to himself, looking at Reddy's back. "Maybe that information is going to come in handy, brother. Maybe."

Spider Blaney had no intention of splitting fifty-fifty, or any other way, with Reddy. That, however, was a matter for the future.

Meanwhile, Reddy guided the boat, his anxious mind busy. Now, a sigh, almost of relief, passed through his body. His trained ears detected a flaw in the powerful motor. He spoke to Spider. "You handle the wheel a minute, Spider. One of these spark plugs isn't catching. I'll fix it right up." He pointed out a narrow finger of land, whose sandy beach glistened in the lighting day. "Keep her nose pointed there. Once past it, there are plenty of keys. We'll go in there and no one will find us."

He went into the cabin, Spider, at the wheel, heard him fooling with the engine, but his mind was so busy with a plan that had formulated itself that he didn't see the smile on Reddy's face when the man emerged and took the wheel. A life preserver was strapped on him.

It was this that Spider noticed. And it upset him. "What's the idea of that?"

"It's the only one on board. I just thought—" He stopped, aware of the murderous

glint in Spider's eyes. "Spider—no—no!"

"Get away from that wheel, and look behind me!"

Spider had the gun in one hand, binoculars in another. He thrust the glasses at Reddy, who looked through them and gasped: "Big Dan and his mob!"

The speedboat which had been following them, and was gaining rapidly, cut through the waters like a shark.

"Yeah," Spider said. "I noticed it just when you came out of the cabin. I didn't get that watchman, just like I figured." His voice rasped now. "I'm getting off here, Reddy, when we round that point. I can beat them there. And when I jump, they'll follow you." Eyes hard, he added: "They won't know they're following a dead man."

"Spider!" Reddy, eyes wild with fear, took a step toward Spider. A scream burst from his white lips as the bullet tore into his stomach. He lurched crazily, pitched forward on the deck and lay still.

Spider Blaney darted into the cabin and grabbed the black bag. On deck again, and strapping on the life preserver, he saw that the speedboat was closing up the distance rapidly. His pulses pounded with the excitement, while his eyes measured the distance toward the finger of sand. Once around it, he would momentarily be out of sight of the speedboat. It was then he could jump over-side and let the speedboat follow Reddy's craft. Quickly, Spider hooked the boat's wheel, allowing the boat to move in a straight line. The finger of sand was directly on his right . . . and now . . . now . . . he was passing it. . . .

Spider kicked off his shoes, wished he could get off his clothes in time. The life preserver was enough weight for a guy to carry. Even it felt

heavy.

Now! The finger of land blot-ted out the speedboat. A number of tiny quays met Spider's eyes. He leaped overboard, into the deep water. In his ears came a last, dying gasp from Reddy, who had raised himself on one arm and was now staring horror-stricken as Spider plunged.

"Spider. No!"

But Spider couldn't hear him. For at the precise moment that Death took Reddy, it also gathered in Spider Blaney, who had plunged to his doom not knowing that Reddy, in a burst of inspiration, had transferred the heavy jewels from the black bag to the life preserver while fixing the engine.

He had only been thinking of protecting his interest in case Big Dan showed up. The gambler would never think of looking in a life preserver for the stolen jewels.

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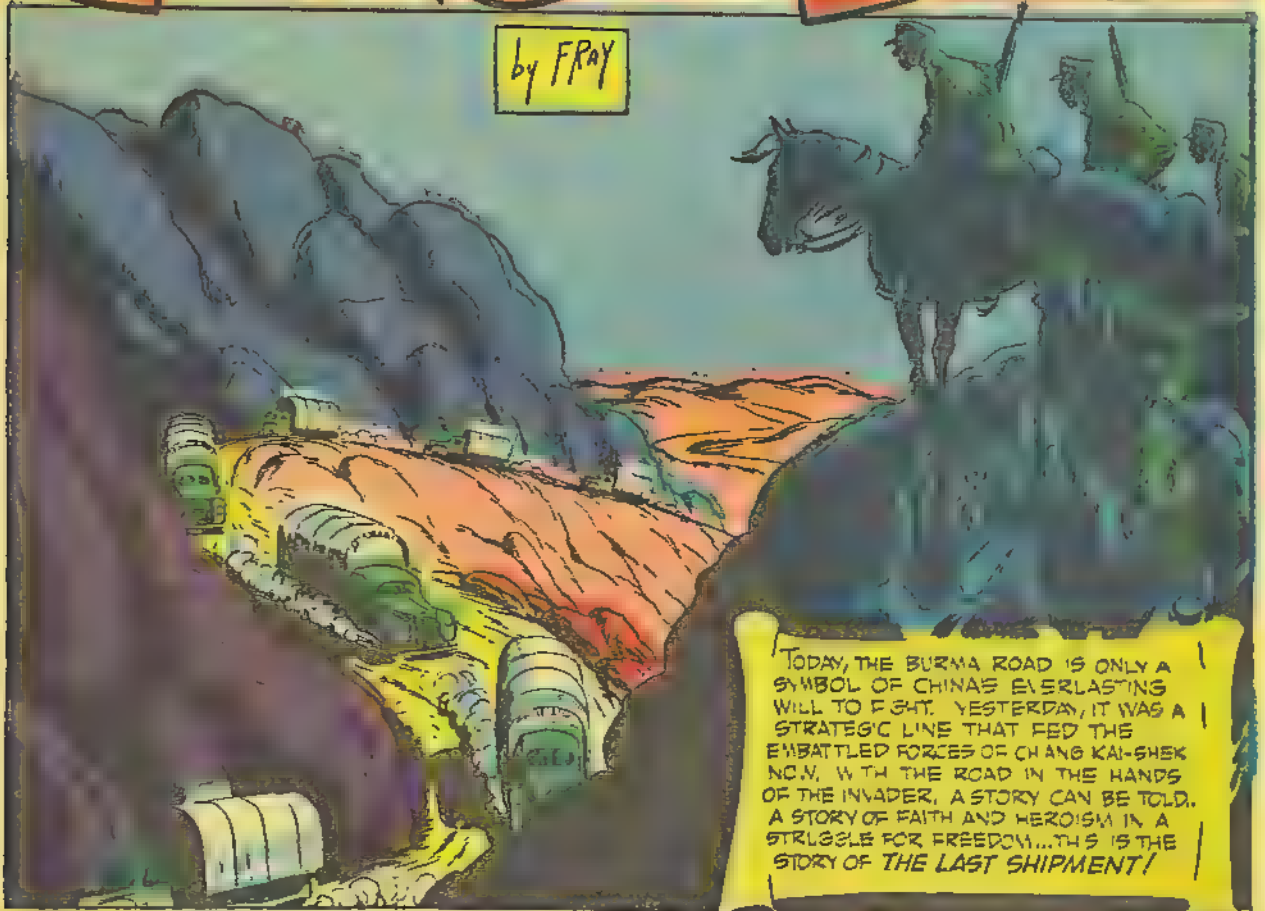
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IN ONE
SUPER
STORY
!



CONGO BILL

by FRAY



TODAY, THE BURMA ROAD IS ONLY A SYMBOL OF CHINA'S EVERLASTING WILL TO FIGHT. YESTERDAY, IT WAS A STRATEGIC LINE THAT FED THE EMBATTLED FORCES OF CHANG KAI-SHEK N.C.V. WITH THE ROAD IN THE HANDS OF THE INVADER, A STORY CAN BE TOLD. A STORY OF FAITH AND HEROISM IN A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM...THIS IS THE STORY OF THE LAST SHIPMENT!

OUR SCENE: WASHINGTON D.C., WHERE CONGO BILL ADVENTURER AND GLOBE-TROTTER, RECEIVES ORDERS FROM A CERTAIN HIGH PERSONAGE

DO I UNDERSTAND, SIR, THAT YOU WANT ME TO GET A VITAL SHIPMENT THROUGH TO GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK!

YES, BY WAY OF THE BURMA ROAD IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB, ONE THAT CALLS FOR IRON NERVE! YOU'LL BE ATTACKED CONSTANTLY! BUT YOU'VE HAD EXPERIENCE IN JOBS OF THIS SORT..



THIS SHIPMENT MAY MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR GENERAL CHANG TO DRIVE OUT THE JAPANESE SO THAT PRESSURE WILL BE TAKEN OFF THE ALLIED FORCES! I CAN'T STRESS ITS IMPORTANCE TOO STRONGLY!



IT IS JUST SUCH A SMALL BATTLE AS THIS THAT OFTEN BEGINS THE DRIVE TO VICTORY. THE HOPES OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE GO WITH YOU! GOOD LUCK!

I'LL TRY NOT TO FAIL THEM, MR. PRESIDENT!



SOMEWHERE
IN CHINA!
MOTORS ROAR
INTO LIFE
AND BRAVE
MEN PREPARE
FOR A
JOURNEY THAT
MAY MEAN
THEIR DEATH!

YOU CARRY
THE FATE OF
CHINA IN THOSE
TRUCKS! YOU
MUST GET
THROUGH!

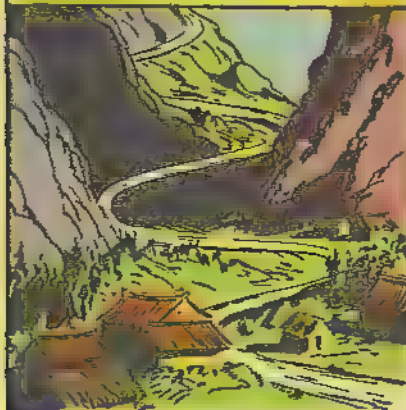
I'LL
DO MY
LEVEL
BEST!



MEN OF CHINA, AHEAD LIES
TREACHERY AND DANGER. FAILURE
MEANS A CHINA ENSLAVED.
SUCCESS MEANS YOUR CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN MAY WALK STRAIGHT AND
FREE IN THE LAND OF THEIR
ANCESTORS! NOW
LET'S GO!



THE BURMA ROAD! HEWN BY BARE
HANDS THROUGH IMPASSABLE MOUNT-
AINS SO THAT CHINA COULD CONTINUE
HER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM—THE ROAD.
THE LIFE OF CHINA!



NIGHT ON THE BURMA ROAD!
HEADLIGHTS DANCE CRAZILY AS
TRUCKS RUMBLE...LURCH ON
STEADILY EASTWARD...



SUDDENLY! A SHOT! A CRY!

STOP!
A SPY!
A STOWAWAY!



ACTION
ALREADY!
LIKE OLD
TIMES AGAIN!



ALL RIGHT, MISTER.
NOW LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE!



GREAT
SCOTT!
A
GIRL!

PLEASE!
I HAVE DONE
NOTHING! I AM
NO SPY!
I AM PLAIN
AH HEE!



HERE...NO
ONES GOING
TO HURT YOU!
BUT WHY
THE STOWAWAY
ACT?

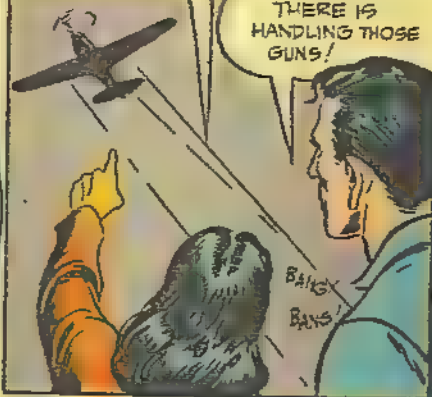
IS ONLY WAY I
CAN JOIN OUR
NOBLE GENERAL'S
FORCES! THERE IS
NEED FOR NURSES
AND THIS LONLY
PERSON WOULD
OFFER HER
SERVICES!

SO THAT'S WHAT
YOU...SAY...I HEAR
SOMETHING! LOUDER
NOW...IT'S A PLANE!
MAYBE A JAP
ON OUR
TRAIL!

SUDDENLY THE NIGHT REECHOES
WITH THE STACCATO REPORTS OF
BARKING RIFLES!

YOUR MEN ARE
ALREADY FIRING!

NOT MY MEN!
SOMEONE
ELSE OUT
THERE IS
HANDLING THOSE
GUNS!

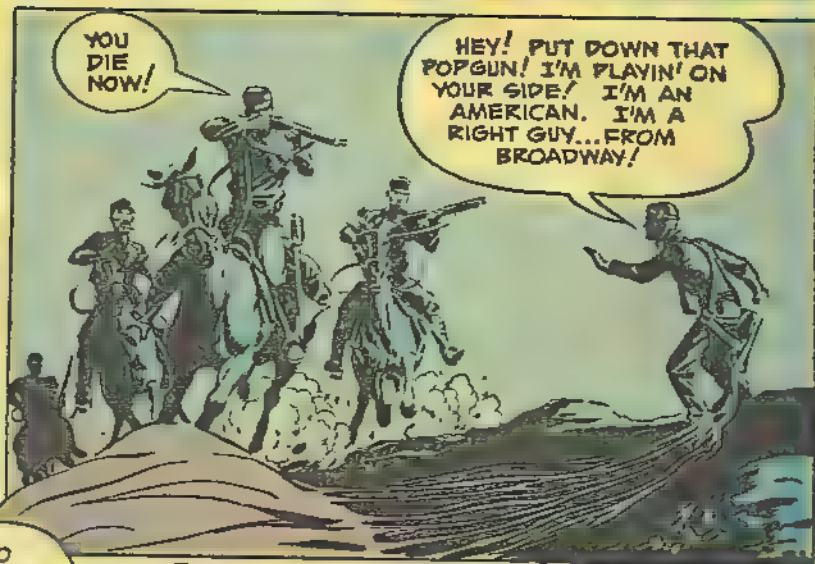


BANG
BANG



LOOK!
THE SHIP
IS ON
FIRE!

AND THERE
GOES THE PILOT IN
A PARACHUTE!



YOU
DIE
NOW!

HEY! PUT DOWN THAT
POPGUN! I'M PLAYIN' ON
YOUR SIDE! I'M AN
AMERICAN. I'M A
RIGHT GUY...FROM
BROADWAY!



BLAM! A PISTOL
ROARS AND A
WHINING SLUG
SLAPS THE
RIFLE FROM THE
HORSEMAN'S HANDS!

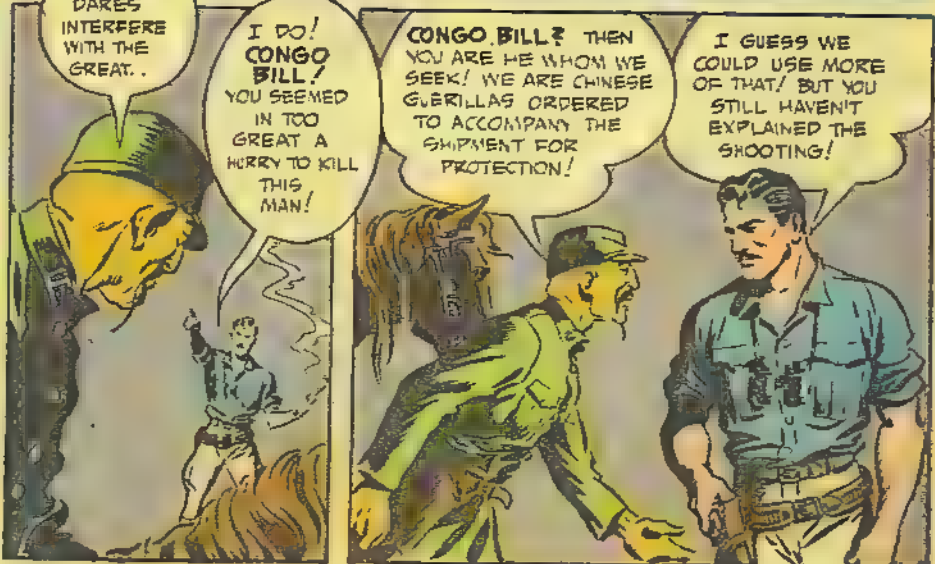
PING!

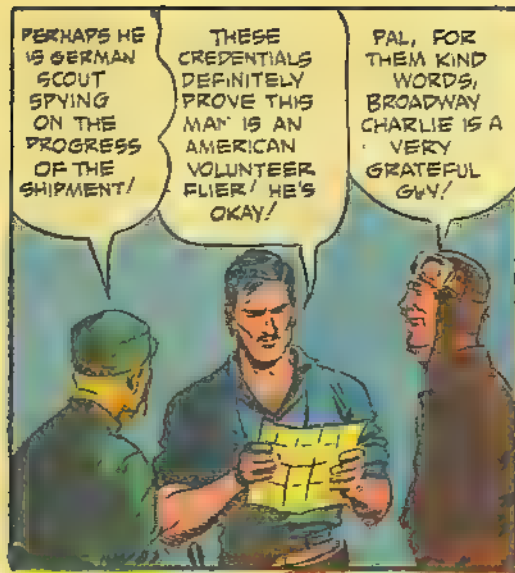
WHO
DARES
INTERFERE
WITH THE
GREAT.

I DO!
CONGO
BILL!
YOU SEEMED
IN TOO
GREAT A
HURRY TO KILL
THIS
MAN!

CONGO BILL? THEN
YOU ARE HE WHOM WE
SEEK! WE ARE CHINESE
GUERRILLAS ORDERED
TO ACCOMPANY THE
SHIPMENT FOR
PROTECTION!

I GUESS WE
COULD USE MORE
OF THAT! BUT YOU
STILL HAVEN'T
EXPLAINED THE
SHOOTING!





PERHAPS HE IS GERMAN SCOUT SPYING ON THE PROGRESS OF THE SHIPMENT!

THESE CREDENTIALS DEFINITELY PROVE THIS MAN IS AN AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FLIER! HE'S OKAY!

PAL, FOR THEM KIND WORDS, BROADWAY CHARLIE IS A VERY GRATEFUL GUY!



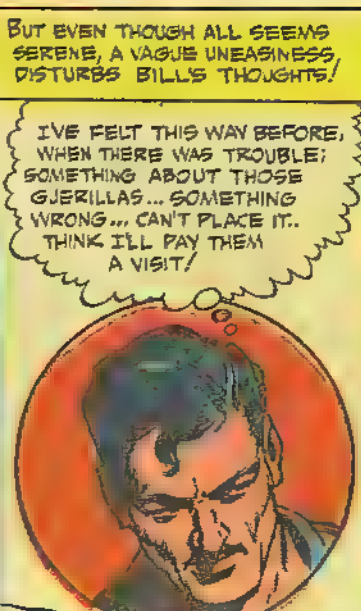
WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT. THE GUERRILLA FORCE WILL CAMP A BIT AHEAD TO KEEP GUARD!



LATER, CHARLIE AND AH HEE GET ACQUAINTED

WHAT? YOU AIN'T SEEN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE MAIN STEM? AH HEE, YOUR EDUCATION AIN'T COMPLETE!

TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS FASCINATING TIMES SQUARE, PLEASE!



BUT EVEN THOUGH ALL SEEMS SERENE, A VAGUE UNEASINESS DISTURBS BILL'S THOUGHTS!

I'VE FELT THIS WAY BEFORE, WHEN THERE WAS TROUBLE; SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE GUERRILLAS... SOMETHING WRONG... CAN'T PLACE IT.. THINK I'LL PAY THEM A VISIT!



AH, YOU HONOR US WITH YOUR... EH? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

YOUR WALK! NO CHINESE WALKS LIKE THAT... FEET WIDE APART... THAT'S A JAPANESE CHARACTERISTIC!



UH!

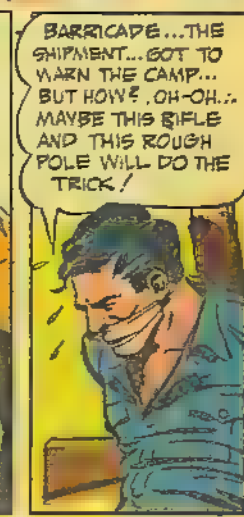
TOO BAD YOU WERE SO IMPETUOUS AS TO REVEAL YOUR THOUGHTS... DANGEROUS THOUGHTS!



SOME TIME LATER, HEAD THROBBING PAINFULLY, BILL AWAKENS TO INSTANT ALERTNESS!

OOH! HEAD FEELS LIKE A BALLOON! OH-OH! WHAT GIVES HERE?

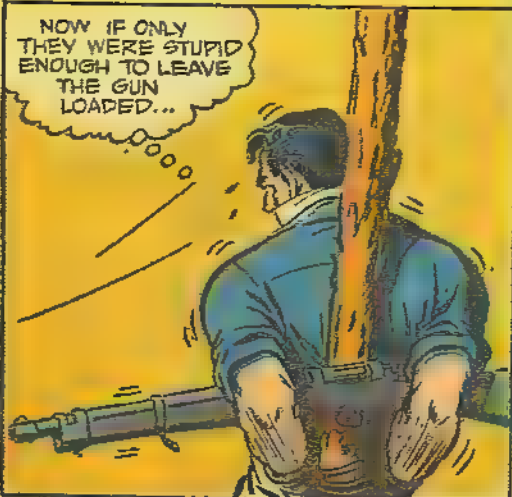
SHIPMENT WILL PASS SOUTH GORGE! BARRICADE HEAVILY AT TURN!... STOP TRUCKS AT ANY COST!...



BARRICADE...THE SHIPMENT...GOT TO WARN THE CAMP... BUT HOW? OH-OH... MAYBE THIS RIFLE AND THIS ROUGH POLE WILL DO THE TRICK!

STEALTHILY, BILL MANEUVERS THE TRIGGER UNTIL IT SNAGS ON A JUTTING BRANCH KNOT...

NOW IF ONLY THEY WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE GUN LOADED...



A QUICK TUG, AND ...

HO!
IS
LOOSE!

HAIEEE!
SHOOT
THE
DOG!

CRACK



THE JAP TAKES DELIBERATE AIM AT BILL!

中
止!



A GUN BARKS...A BULLET ENDS A LIFE...BUT NOT CONGO BILL'S

HI, PAL! WE GOT SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU DIS-APPEARED, SO WE BAGGED THE ENTIRE GUERRILLA GANG AND JUST IN TIME!



THEY AIN'T SHOOTING. PROBABLY WANT TO HOLD US UNTIL THEIR PLANES ARRIVE-BOY, THAT LOOKS AS TOUGH TO CRASH AS THE PELICAN CLUB ON 52 ND STREET!

WE'VE GOT A TRUCK FILLED WITH A SUPPLY OF DYNAMITE. IF I WERE TO DRIVE STRAIGHT AT THAT WALL, I'D.

BUT THAT WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH!



BILL TELLS OF THE JAPANESE BARRICADE...

IF THEM JAPS IS WAITIN' TO HIJACK US ON THE NEXT TURN, THE ANSWER IS AS PLAIN AS A NEON SIGN! WE JUST GO BACK!

I GAVE MY WORD THIS SHIPMENT WOULD GO THROUGH-AND IT WILL! WE'RE ROLLING TONIGHT!



ROARING A DEFIANT SONG OF POWER, THE TRICKS RUMBLE ONWARD HAZARD-BOUND, AND THEN THE BARRICADE.



SORRY, PAL...BUT THIS JOB CALLS FOR A GUY WHAT KNOWS HIS GATE CRASHING... AND THAT'S ME, BROADWAY CHARLIE!



YOU'RE WRONG, PAL! I'M HEAD OF THIS OUTFIT AND THIS IS MY JOB!



SUDDENLY A TRUCK SWINGS OUT OF LINE AND RUMBLES FORWARD...

GREAT SCOTT! THE DYNAMITE TRUCK! AND LOOK WHO IS AT THE WHEEL!

AH HEE! SHE STOLE A MARCH ON US!

THE LITTLE FOOL! THEY'RE SURE TO PLUG HER, AND IF THEY DO THAT TRUCK WILL SWERVE AND GO OVER THAT GORGE! HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IF I CAN DRAW THEIR FIRE, THAT TRUCK MAY MAKE IT! SO LONG, PAL!



YELLING LIKE A MADMAN, BROADWAY CHARLIE RACES TOWARD THE BARRICADE...

YOU GRINNING, SCRAPING, POLITE DOUBLE-CROSSING DEVILS! I'M GOING TO BLOW YOU RIGHT BACK TO THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN!

HAIEEEE! HE HOLDS A HAND GRENADE! QUICK SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!



AS IF ON A SWIVEL, EVERY GUN TURNS, AIMS AT THE LONE CHARGER... AND -



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE TRUCK AND BARRICADE BLOW INTO SMITHEREENS IN ONE EAR-DEAFENING EXPLOSION!



THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FALLING DEBRIS FOUR VENGEFUL CONGO BILL AND HIS GUARDS, THEIR GUNS CUTTING DOWN THE SHATTERED JAPANESE FORCE!

THAT'S FOR AH HEE... AND THAT'S FOR BROADWAY CHARLIE! AND THIS IS FOR THE BOYS AT PEARL HARBOR!

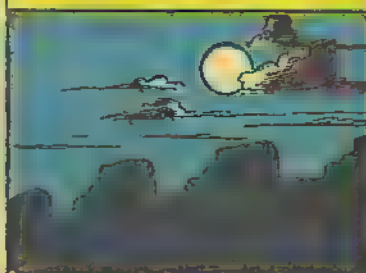
AFTER IT IS ALL OVER...

HYA, FELLA!

HI! WE SHOWED 'EM... WE SHOWED 'EM WE KNOW HOW TO FIGHT, EH? WELL... IF YOU RUN INTO THE BOYS ON TIMES SQUARE, GIVE 'EM MY REGARDS! I... AA-AH...!



AND SO THE CONVOY GOES ON... ON OVER THE BURMA ROAD, STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF ALL THOSE WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED.



FOR CHINA WILL SURVIVE, DESPITE BARBARIC HORDES OF DESTRUCTION. THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA WILL NEVER DIE, SO LONG AS PEOPLE REMEMBER AND KEEP FAITH - The End -

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home in a hurry for take
myself for in tonight
myself for in tonight



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lost and his
only buds
were his
friends.

10

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identical the home com-
pany. Contains first
class, sturdy metal box
and fine coloring

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contains
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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

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Child Study Association of America

WAR IN THE AIR

By John B. Walker

Illustrated by Barry Bart.

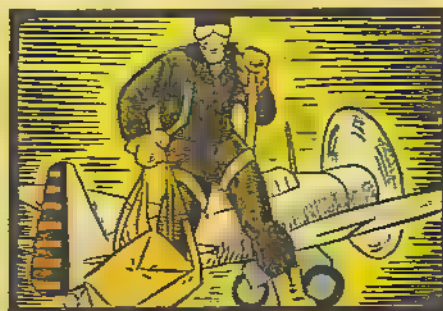
This is a large book about fighting planes and pilots in action, with many fine pictures illustrating the various types of planes and their use in actual warfare.

It tells the exciting story of the new planes and the men who are piloting them in this war, how the fighter formations and crews are organized, what the different types of planes do in the fight, and how the units co-operate with one another.

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There are thrilling descriptions of fighting tactics, night fighting and transporting troops—especially parachute troops behind the enemy lines.

If you want to know what goes on in the air and how in modern warfare, you will find this book fascinating. Ask for it at your library.



SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

YRGPI WEQ WECW: FYC Y.W. HIJIRWI WXEQTW

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY
JOSEPH
SULMAN

WHEN AMATEUR MAGIC LURES THE ATTENTION OF UNDERWORLD CZAR MONK MORRIS, ASTOUNDING THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.

CITIZENS LEARN TO THEIR DISMAY THAT THE HAND-OF-THE-GANGSTERS IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE... BUT THEN ZATARA ENTERS AND SHOWS THEM A FEW TRICKS... YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT IN SHORT ORDER HE MAKES A MONKEY OUT OF MONK IN "THE STORY OF THE MAGICAL MOBSTERS!"



MONK MORRIS ATTENDS AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN DINNER...

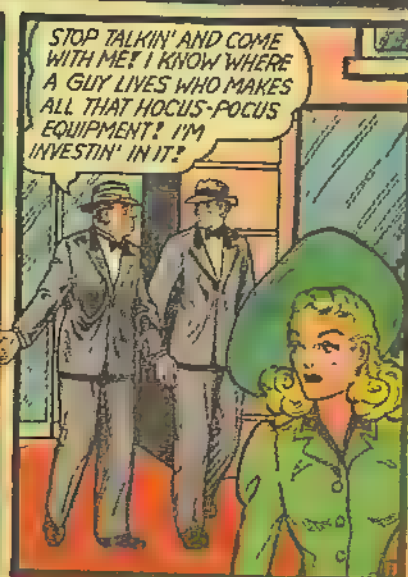
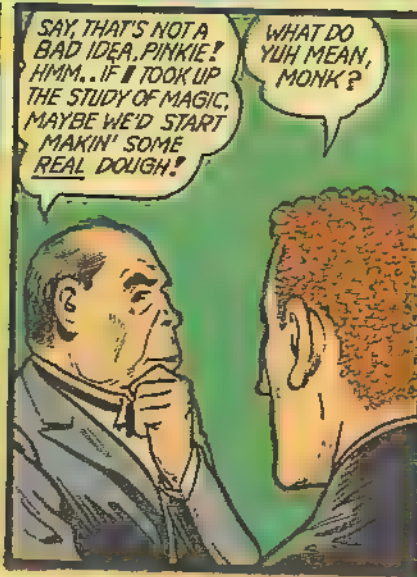
PRETTY SLICK,
POURIN' COFFEE
OUT OF THAT
WATER JUG,
HUH?

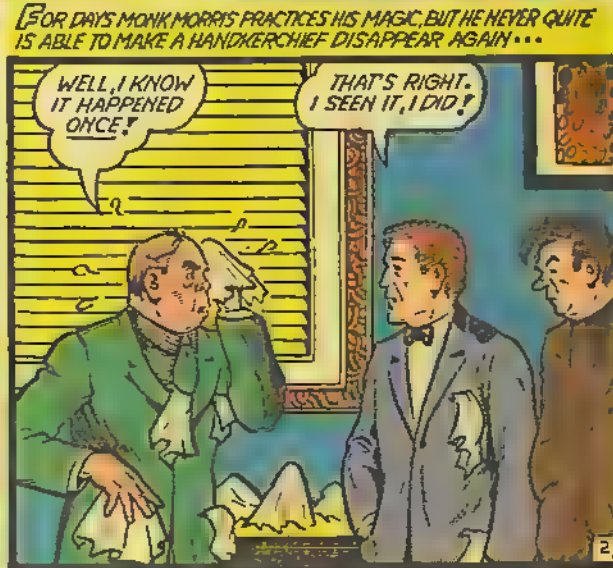
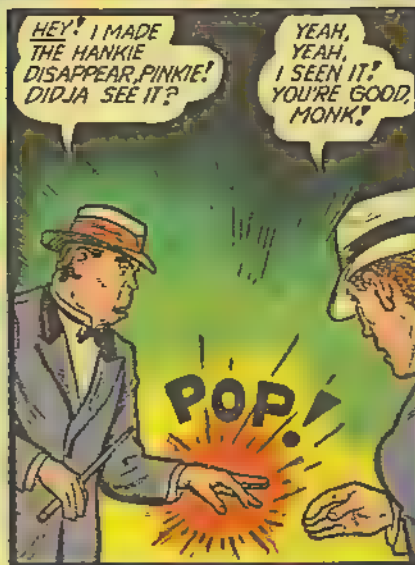
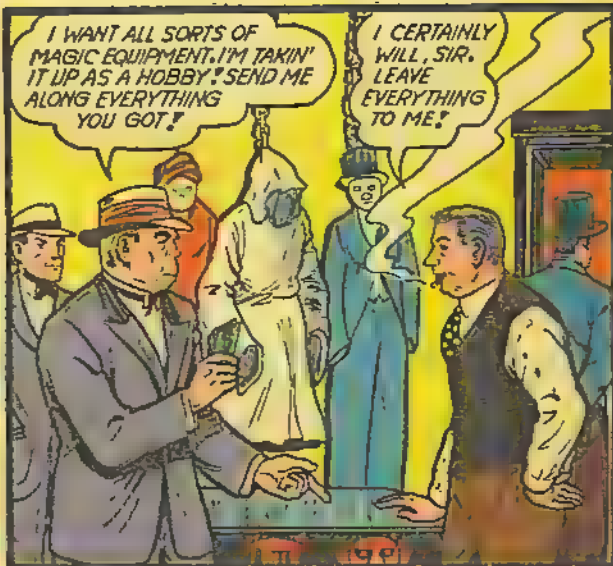
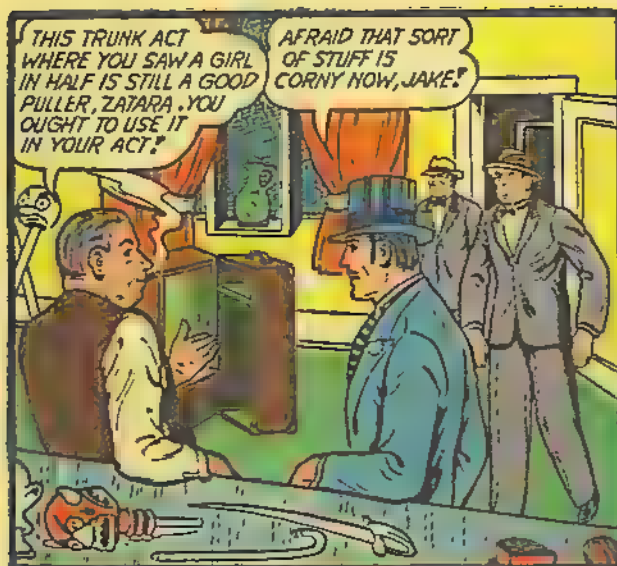
BEATS ME HOW
THEY DO ALL
THESE STUNTS!
WE COULD
USE A FEW
GUYS LIKE
THAT!

SAY, THAT'S NOT A
BAD IDEA, PINKIE!
HIMM... IF I TOOK UP
THE STUDY OF MAGIC,
MAYBE WE'D START
MAKIN' SOME
REAL DOUGH!

WHAT DO
YUH MEAN,
MONK?

STOP TALKIN' AND COME
WITH ME! I KNOW WHERE
A GUY LIVES WHO MAKES
ALL THAT HOCUS-POCUS
EQUIPMENT! I'M
INVESTIN' IN IT!





YET EVEN A CLUMSY-FINGERED THUG LEARNS AT LAST, AND ONE DAY MONK ACHIEVES SOME DEGREE OF SUCCESS...

AH, THAT'S IT!
NOW I'M SET TO START
MY CAMPAIGN?

HERE'S THE TRUNK
THAT GUY JAKE FIXED
FOR YOU, BOSS.

GOOD. HAVE EVERYTHING
READY, THEN CALL THE
BANK AND TELL THEM
YOU WANT
TO DEPOSIT
SOME MONEY!

WE'RE FROM
THE BANK.
IS THE TRUNK
READY?

ALL SET. YOU CAN
LOOK IN IT YOURSELF,
AND SEE ALL
THE MONEY
IS THERE!

THE
MAGIC TRUNK
IS DUMPED
INTO AN
ARMORED
CAR AND
CARTED
OFF TO THE
NATION BANK...

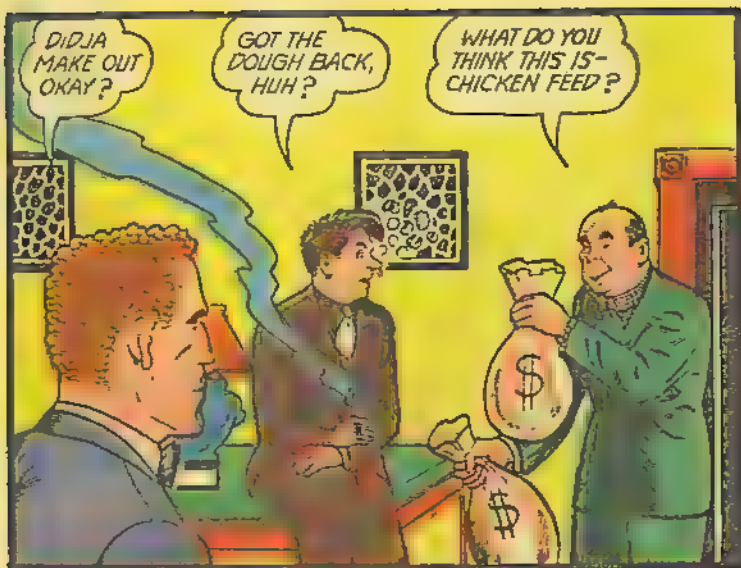
FUNNY HOW A GUY SAVES
SO MUCH DOUGH
BEFORE HE PUTS IT
IN A BANK!

AS EVENING SHADOWS FALL ACROSS
THE BARRED WINDOWS OF THE BANK,
A TRUNK COVER SILENTLY LIFTS...

WHAT A RACKET!
HERE I AM, SAFE AS
A BUG IN A RUG!

I GET CREDIT FOR
DEPOSITIN' THIS, THEN I
TAKE IT OUT OF THE
BANK VAULT AGAIN!

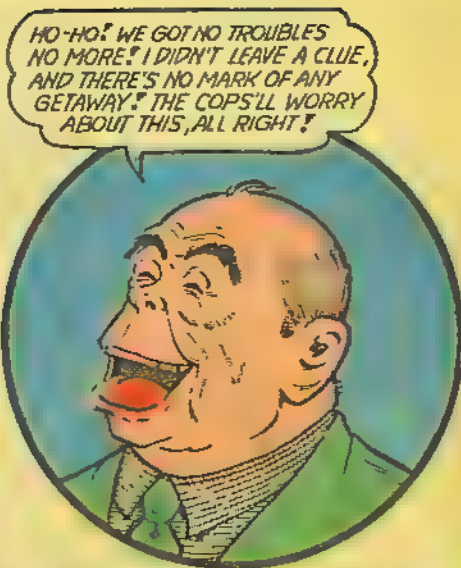
THIS MAGIC "OPEN-ALL-LOCKS"
KEY SURE IS SOMETHIN'!
AM I GLAD I BECAME
A MAGICIAN!



DIDJA
MAKE OUT
OKAY?

GOT THE
DOUGH BACK,
HUH?

WHAT DO YOU
THINK THIS IS-
CHICKEN FEED?



HO-HO! WE GOT NO TROUBLES
NO MORE! I DIDN'T LEAVE A CLUE,
AND THERE'S NO MARK OF ANY
GETAWAY! THE COPS'LL WORRY
ABOUT THIS, ALL RIGHT!

HERE IS ONE MAN WHO IS A LOT MORE
WORRIED THAN THE POLICE, HOWEVER...



I MAKE THE TRUNK
FOR HIM, AND THEN WHAT-?
HE USES IT IN THAT
MYSTERIOUS BANK
ROBBERY!

JAKE!
YOU'RE
SURE
OF THAT?



I SAW A PICTURE
OF IT IN THE
PAPERS. THE POLICE
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE
IT- BUT I DID!

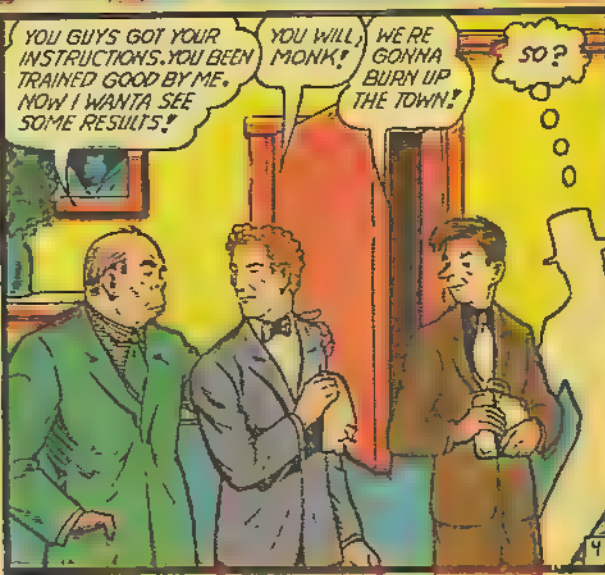
I'LL GO OVER
AND PAY THIS
MONK MORRIS
A VISIT. THERE MAY
BE SOMETHING IN
WHAT YOU SAY.



IT SEEMED ODD- MONK BUYING
MAGICIAN EQUIPMENT. NOW I BEGIN
TO SEE DAYLIGHT! HE'S USING
IT FOR HIS CRIMINAL
ACTIVITIES!



I CAN ACCOMPLISH MORE
IF MONK AND HIS BOYS
CAN'T SEE ME- SO-
EB NEESNU!



YOU GUYS GOT YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS. YOU BEEN
TRAINED GOOD BY ME.
NOW I WANTA SEE
SOME RESULTS!

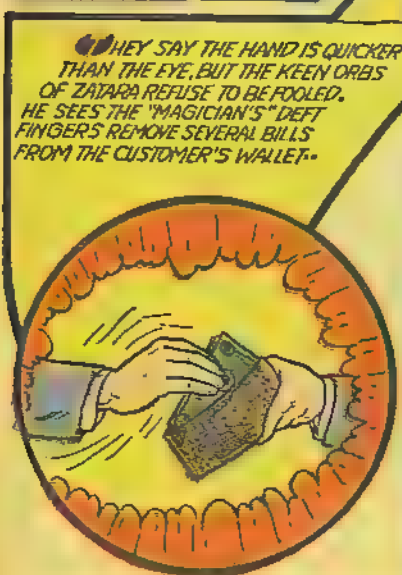
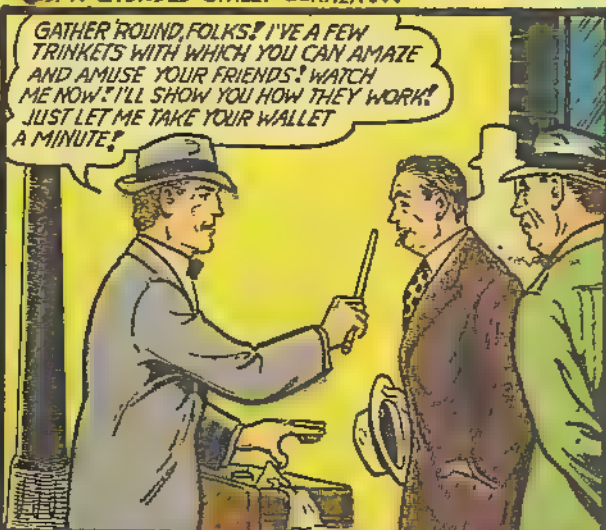
YOU WILL,
MONK!

WE'RE
GONNA
BURN UP
THE TOWN!

SO?



ON A CROWDED STREET CORNER...



HMM. HE THINKS IT'S A GAG. I'LL HAVE TO BE A LITTLE MORE EXPLICIT!



ATARA GESTURES AND THE WALLET FLIES FROM THE CUSTOMER'S HAND...



I'LL SHOW YOU I MEAN BUSINESS!

HEY! GET AWAY! LEMME ALONE!

THIS IS WONDERFUL!

OWTCH! OWWWW! HEY, LEGGO!

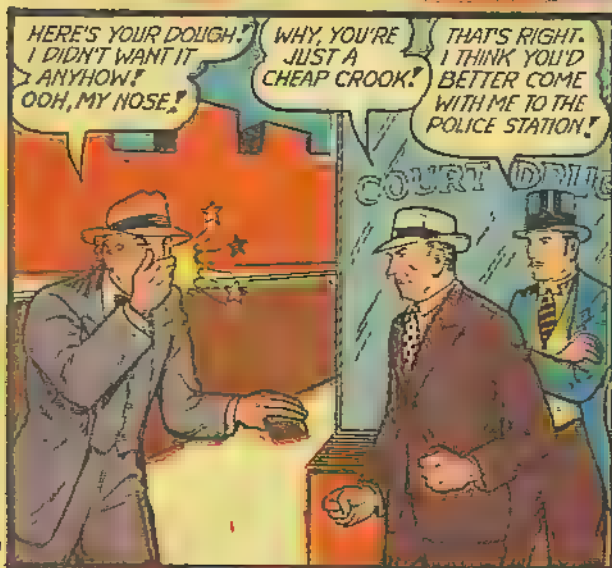
'FESS UP, YOU PHONEY! WHERE'S THE MONEY YOU SWIPED FROM ME?



HERE'S YOUR DOUGH. I DIDN'T WANT IT ANYHOW! OOH, MY NOSE!

WHY, YOU'RE JUST A CHEAP CROOK!

THAT'S RIGHT. I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME TO THE POLICE STATION!



I'M GOING AFTER THE REST OF THEM NOW. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS FELLOW!

YOU BET WE DO!

MY NOSE STILL HURTS!



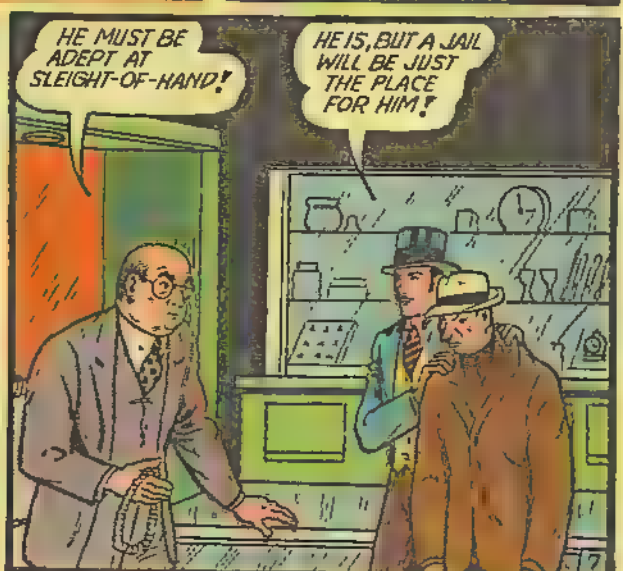
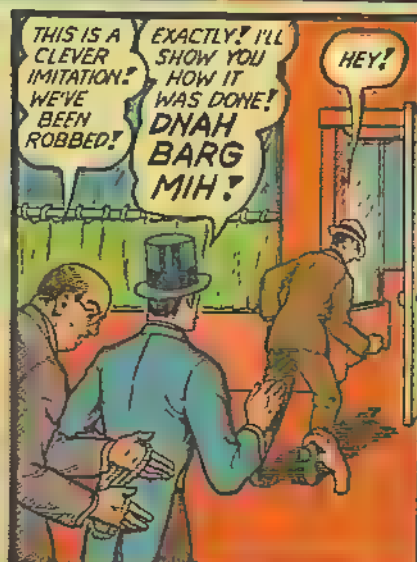
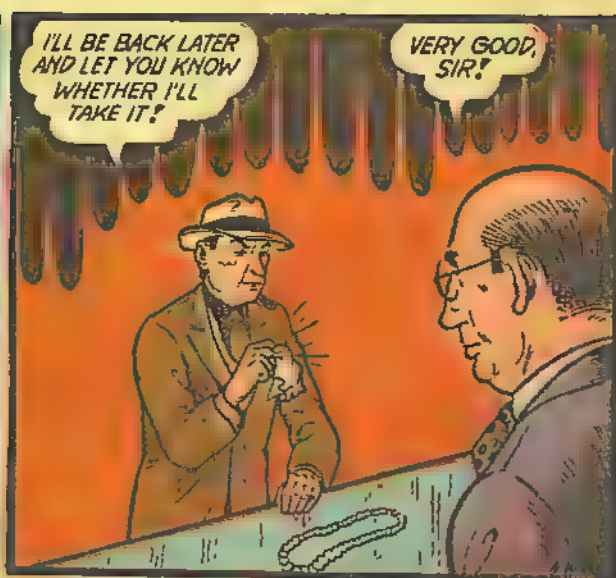
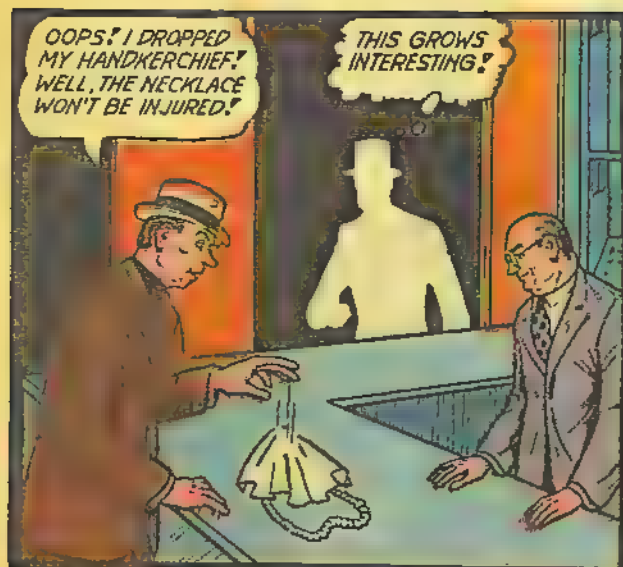
THERE'S ANOTHER THUG IN THAT JEWELRY STORE. I'LL SEE WHAT HIS RACKET IS!



THAT'S THE CLAVERLY NECKLACE, EH? I MAY BUY IT.

IT'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, SIR!





MONK MORRIS DECIDES HE HAS THE WORLD IN HIS HANDS BECAUSE OF HIS MAGIC FORMULAS...

WITH THE DOUGH MY BOYS ARE BRINGIN' IN, I CAN RETIRE IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS! THIS IS GREAT STUFF, THIS MAGIC!

BUT S'POSE THE COPS CATCH WISE TO YOU? IT SURE IS!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO THEN. SEE THAT TRUNK? IT'S MADE OF SOLID STEEL! THERE'S NO LOCK INSIDE, ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE!

YEAH? SO WHAT?

WE TOSS THE COPPERS IN HERE AND DUMP 'EM OUT IN THE RIVER! NOBODY'LL EVER FIND THAT THING!



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME, MONK? MY NAME IS ZATARA!

YOU-YOU'RE THE GUY THAT WAS IN JAKE'S THAT DAY I MADE THE HANKIE DISAPPEAR- ONLY YOU DID THAT!



FOR ONE INTENSE MOMENT, ZATARA'S EYES BLAZE HYPOHOTICALLY...

I DID, AND NOW I'VE COME TO END YOUR LITTLE RACKET!

GET HIM, BOYS! GET HIM!



WHEN HE IS BROUGHT DOWN BY FLYING GUNMEN...

WE GOT 'M, MONK!

OHH!

HE AIN'T SUCH HOT PUNKINS!



THAT'S IT-DUMP HIM IN THE TRUNK AND LOCK IT. WHAT A BREAK! WE GOT HIM OUTTA THE WAY. NOW NOTHIN' AT ALL CAN STOP US!





HELLO, MONK!

YOU-
AGAIN!

SAY, WHAT
GOES ON?



SEVERAL ZATARAS ENTER THE ROOM, THEN MORE, UNTIL THE
ROOM IS FILLED WITH THEM...

SAY, HOW MANY GUYS
ARE YOU, ANYHOW?
I CAPTURED ZATARA!

HOW MANY? COUNT US!
AND YOU DIDN'T
CAPTURE US!



I DID, I TELL YOU!
I HAVE ZATARA
IN THIS TRUNK!

LET US SEE HIM!
PROVE IT
TO US!



SEE? HERE HE-
HEY-WHERE'D
THEY GO TO?

THANKS FOR
SETTING ME
FREE, MONK!
I THOUGHT
YOUR CONSCIENCE
WOULD BOTHER
YOU!



IT WAS
A TRICK!
YOU MADE
ME THINK
YOU WERE
A DOZEN
OTHER
GUYS!

I HYPNOTIZED YOU
BEFORE YOUR MEN
OVERCAME ME!
SHALL WE ADJOURN
TO THE JAIL-BEFORE
I FORGET MYSELF
AND GET ANGRY
WITH YOU MEN?



EB SNOOLLAB! THOSE GUNS
WON'T GIVE YOU ITCHY TRIGGER
FINGERS ANY MORE, BOYS!
NOW LET'S GET
ON OUR WAY!



WANT TO BUY
A LITTLE
GADGET,
MISTER?
IT'S MAGIC!

MAGIC, BAH!
DON'T EVER
MENTION THAT
TO ME
AGAIN!

BETTER BUY IT,
MONK. YOU'LL
NEED SOMETHING
LIKE THAT
UP THE RIVER
TO WHILE AWAY
THE HOURS!

ZATARA
PULLS
SOME MORE
SMOOTH TRICKS
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
**ACTION
COMICS**

THE END.

**ADVENTURE
THRILLS!
ACTION!**



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